

RICHARD PETERS



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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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SERMONETS

Making others happy is the best way of gaining happiness for one's self.

The conditions of happiness are three: A clean conscience, something to do, and some one to love.

"To see and believe, in other words, to know Christ is life eternal; to become like Christ is success everlasting."

True education lies in learning to distinguish what is our own from what does not belong to us. But there is only one thing that is fully our own—that is our will or purpose.—*Epictetus*.

Let others cheer the winning man,
There's one I hold worth while:
'Tis he who does the best he can,
Then loses with a smile.—*Farm Journal*.

Without faith in the divinity of Christ and belief in his resurrection, there can be no foundations to Christianity. "Mormonism" is true Christianity, and hence our faith is founded in these two doctrines: Christ is God, and Christ has risen from the dead!

Speaking to a young man who was in the habit of using tobacco and who refused to quit the dirty habit, Dr. George H. Brimhall finally told him: "It is necessary that there should be resistance to the good. The man who works for cleanliness, nobility and honor should give some credit to the fellow who, like you, is constantly resisting him, because resistance is necessary to progress. The boy who does not smoke has in you one more assistant to work for him. Some one must be a weakling—some must furnish resistance to help the strong." The young man understood the sarcasm.

Better have labor and capital co-operate than pit the one against the other. Form a trust of the two. Both are absolutely essential. One, to be successful must foster the interests of the other. Friction never eased the load for anyone, the vehicle with the load on, nor the power moving the whole. Only by the removal of all friction is the load moved easily. Both powers, labor and capital, have this to learn. No effort in pitting the one against the other is going to succeed. Two forces in combat bring destruction, more or less, to both,—never construction to either.—*J. T. Barrett*.



MIDSUMMER

Again the summer marks the sylvan year,
 But to its joyance all my heart is cold;
 Ah! what to me, My Love, and thou not here,
 The trefoil's tiny, clustered bells of gold?
 What care have I tho soft the ring-dove call,
 To me thy voice is thousand times more sweet,
 The gliding streams, the uplands, all things pall;
 My wan lips hunger thy red lips to meet.

The linnet on the purple thistle swings,
 The wild bee hums amid the clover bloom,
 Its song the lark makes high on sunlit wings,
 But not an echo in my heart finds room—
 Ah! With thee here, here all delights would be,
 All raptures lacking when I lack for thee!

—Alfred Lambourne

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The "Mormon" Problem*

BY EDWARD WILLIAMS, A NON-"MORMON"

Everyone has heard of the "Mormon" problem. Indeed, any who have not heard of it must either be unable to understand the prevailing dialect of our country, or else residents of settlements very remote from the beaten trails. Few, however, have a clear idea as to what this problem involves. It is not like the familiar puzzles of our school text-books of mathematics, because, in spite of all our skill and pains, no answer has yet been found.

Yet, there is a "Mormon" problem, and a very real one. According to general understanding, it relates directly to the uprooting of all the evils and perplexities that afflict us, which makes it a very vexatious problem indeed. This opinion is correct, but in a very different sense from what we suspect. The seriousness of the problem, however, is usually expressed by our feelings of indignation* and annoyance.

Had the devil himself taken up a local and visible habitation somewhere between Chicago and the coast, and begun circulating vicious and alluring literature among school children, the indignation of the righteous could hardly have been greater, nor the would-be "exorcist" busier than these elements have been, because some people called "Mormons," inhabit a region within the bounds of our great country. Could we credit all that has been said about "Mormons," we should presently expect them to rot of sheer turpitude. Why should any set of people be voluntarily and openly so wicked, when a reputation for virtue and respectability is so easily achieved and maintained? Charity—or complacency—cloaks such multitudes of sins for so many of us that "honest wickedness" must appear in the same category with unsanitary negligence.

The reputed gravity and comprehensiveness of the "Mormon" problem are unprecedented. There is nothing bad the "Mormons" have not done, at one time or another, or all at the same time. Worse than this they indulge the inexcusable folly of being so careless in their mischief, that they are always being found out, and that, also, by people whose judgment and powers of observation are in complete inverse ratio to their loquacity. These finders-out represent various sects and persuasions, religious, political and otherwise, but all are "just persons which need no repentance," and all are implacably anti-"Mormon." Friends of "Mormons," and un-

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biased observers in general, are mysteriously blinded to these evil qualities and doings. The "Mormons" are clever enough, we hear, to show them only the "best side." (What a pleasure to hear that there is a "best side" to be shown!) Thus, most causes now before the American public are largely, if not essentially, concerned with the solution of this "great problem."

Any one opposed to trusts and monopolies, and wishing to use the very strongest argument against them, proclaims that they are "Mormon" institutions, a part of the "problem." Similarly, our "abnormal high tariff duties" are found to be solely for the protection of "Mormons." No one else cares a straw for them. Legislatures are corrupted by "Mormon" money. Interstate commerce laws are defied by "Mormon" plotting. A society recently organized to oppose child-labor in factory centers occupies its first meeting with a denunciation of "Mormonism," and of a certain United States senator, reputed an adherent of that form of faith. Certain zealous temperance reformers "discover" the monstrous "fact" that the "Mormons," for sheer love of lawbreaking, probably, are engaged in importing intoxicating liquors into "dry" states and counties. Commissions, appointed to inquire into vices of various orders, inaugurate their proceedings, not with prayer, but with resolutions calculated to "get a whack at the 'Mormons'." Atrocious murderers are "discovered" to be "Mormons," and thus miss the consolations of popular sentimental "sympathy."

Nor was this "problem" any simpler or any less inclusive in the early days. It has always been quite as serious and quite as embarrassing as at present. If there was a row on the frontier, it was traced to the "Mormons." If a horse was stolen, or a dog was shot, "Mormons" again. The "high-handed and Christian" populations who could not tolerate "Mormonism" in Missouri, strangely degenerated into the "border ruffians," when, a few years later, the anti-slavery fight was on in Kansas. That was an after-effect. The "Mormons" hypnotized the legislature of Illinois, and compelled it to pass unanimously the "amazing charter" of the City of Nauvoo, which was later found to be "distinctly seditious." Finally after being "driven from civilization" to the then sequestered wilds of the Rocky Mountains, they inaugurate a "rebellion" against the federal government some 2,500 miles distant. This uprising must have been somewhat in the line of a modern rendering of "Ajax defying the lightning," because there appeared nothing else, in particular, to defy. It was intolerable, nevertheless, and an army marched forth to quash it.

It must have been a genuine solace to the clergy, those guardians of virtue, whenever a massacre, a hold-up, or a plain murder was reported from the far west, to know exactly whom to blame. There was only one answer—at least only one was given. In short, the theory always was that all the innocent blood ever shed upon the earth, "from the blood of righteous Abel" to the latest non-combatant shot in Mexico, must be "required" of this same people.

In view of all these allegations, it is in no sense remarkable that the "Mormon" problem has always worried sensitive souls among us. One great trouble about the matter is that no one seems to know exactly what this "problem" is. Whether it is moral, religious, political, sociological, or merely pathological, or all together, is equally uncertain and vexatious. In short, the situation involves a problem about a problem, and the only thing definite from start to finish is that there is a set of people, popularly called "Mormons," who are odious to a large number of other people. Even this in-

formation affords only meager satisfaction. On the basis of this popular "dislike," our earnest friends expect us to accept their tales of superlative and unprecedented rascality. Even the most self-accusing among us would be fairly amazed to find his soul blackened by such an overwhelming excess of depravity as we are asked to believe is domiciled in "Mormon" hearts. The situation is merely preposterous, and would be ludicrous, were it not that it involves an intensity and malignity of feeling that are dreadful to contemplate.

Then, when, as sinners of the commoner varieties, we visit "Mormon" centers, expecting to meet congenial spirits, we are ruthlessly disappointed to find just plain, honest, industrious people, nearly uniformly interested in matters religious, and enthusiastic advocates of temperance, purity and righteousness of life. We find these people kindly and helpful to one another, and strangely unhurried about destroying the stranger within their gates. They exemplify the adage that a "bad reputation is a good thing: one need not trouble about living up to it."

Yet, these people have been publicly accused of all the sins condemned in the Decalogue, the Pentateuch, and the Four Gospels, with a few newer ones in addition. We have been informed, in effect, that it would take a miracle of grace to raise them to the level of total depravity. They have been denounced as a menace to morals, religion, government, and what not else beside. But, where we had expected to thrill with admiration at sight of a stupendous mountain of deviltry, we find modest exteriors and unassuming manners. All this aggravates the "problem" still further. How can "wolves" array themselves so neatly and becoming in "sheep's clothing?" Were there ever such successful deceivers?

Some people, emulous probably of a reputation for originality, have gone so far as to assert that "Mormonism" is not a religion at all—but a business enterprise. It is altogether evident that such statement is based upon no misapprehension of facts or conditions, but, also, not necessarily upon any accurate observation or reliable demonstration. If it be true, however, it must be considered, not as "exposure," but as "publicity." In other words, if "Mormonism" is "business" merely, it is quite as certain that anti-"Mormonism" is its advertising department. The two are as surely parts of one plan as if they were managed from one "office," and organized by one "board of directors." Furthermore, the campaign of publicity has been most astute. It has followed two familiar and effective lines, now approved among publicists, to-wit: persistent, even pestering, reiteration of a name or style, which serves to worry and torment the public into familiarity; and deliberate exaggeration, which, in spite of begetting disbelief in many minds, is calculated to impress this same name or style lastingly upon the memory.

And the campaign is beginning to show results. The first of these is that the name "Mormonism" is already a "household word," and people naturally want to know just what it really means. Had it not been for this excellent, and providential, scheme of advertising, we might have felt no more curiosity about "Mormons" than about Shakers or defenseless Mennonites. As it is, when we see an item or an article about "Mormons" we read it, and the next time we see such an article we read that also. Matter on this subject is rapidly rising into the dignity of "news." Consequently, while enterprising editors will print any and all "stories" about our "handful" of some 400,000 "Mormons," authoritative intelligence about our "shipload" of 6,000,000 Baptists, or our "trainload" of 7,000,000 Methodists goes into the basket. The reading public esteems these 13,000,000 people as some-

what less than sensationally interesting. Thus it is that the public is in the proper mood eagerly to devour the "follow-up matter," when it is ready. That virtually all the information they have had, hitherto, is unreliable, misleading, often entirely false, is immaterial; "Mormonism" has been so well advertised that they are interested in reading anything about it. How thrilling, then, the surprise involved, should there be a complete reversal of previous impressions! This "surprise business" is another trick which our advertising experts have learned to use with telling effect.

In the second place, the policy of exaggeration and misrepresentation, so consistently followed in this "publicity campaign," has also been justified in its effects. At first, the saner portion of the American public was mildly amused at the grotesque "wickedness," as reported, of the "Mormons," viewing it somewhat in the light of matter proper to the humorous department. Later, as the "humor" waxed senile, the prevailing sentiment was tolerant skepticism. Human nature can support no more than a very small average weight of sinfulness, without a breakdown. Consequently, the reiteration of exaggerated accusation logically leads to the suspicion that, for sake of effecting a disguise, wolves, rather than sheep, had been despoiled of their "clothing." Skepticism leads to investigation; and thus it is that sociologists and other thoughtful people are now giving attention to "Mormon" claims and achievements. Soon these matters will take their places in the world's common stock of knowledge, while the whole body of adverse criticism will be ignored as irrelevant accretion. Thus the value of thorough advertising will be fully proven.

It is no part of our thesis, however, that "Mormonism" and anti-"Mormonism" have ever been, consciously, in league. Even the highest "quorum" of the Church exercises no secret suzerainty over this "publicity campaign." It is pained by it, undoubtedly; it submits to it as a permission of Providence; it regards it as a necessary dispensation, fraught with mystery and rich in trials grievous to be borne. It may be that it holds other, and more consoling convictions on the matter, but on this point it says nothing further. In the meantime, anti-"Mormons" are every whit as certain that there is no co-operation between themselves and their antitypes. They protest that they are not "advertising," but "opposing;" that their aim is to further God's work, as against those who would thwart it; that, in fine, they are "instruments" in the hands of a righteous and over-ruling Providence for the vindication of the everlasting gospel. And there is an over-ruling Providence, which uses men for its own ends, be they anti-"Mormons," or be they otherwise; that "makes even the wrath of man to praise him," and is certain to use them, willing or unwilling, to vindicate this gospel.

We are closer now to understanding what the "Mormon" problem really is, and a surprising and astounding problem it must appear. We have heard of men who "built better than they knew"—perhaps, also, worse. We have known of men who have "overreached themselves to their own undoing." We have seldom heard of men whose bitterest denunciations and best-conceived plottings have proven at last the strongest arguments in favor of the very cause which they had hoped to overthrow; who, in short, had been able helpers where they had hoped to be formidable adversaries. Yet, just this situation still further complicates the "Mormon" problem.

The "Mormon" Church makes one original and fundamental claim, which, at once, involves a "great gulf fixed" between itself and all other bodies professing religion. It claims to be the very Church founded by Christ on earth, completely and perfectly restored, after submersion for centuries beneath a deluge of apostasy.

As to whether this claim be warranted or not, it is unnecessary to argue here: we are concerned with the "signs which shall follow" rather than with aught that may be said in way of support or defense. If the claim is untrue, it is merely the pet vagary of a set of people, who have their virtues and failings, like the rest of the world, and furnishes no possible warrant for the invariable bitterness and implacability of anti-"Mormonism." If it is true, on the other hand, all this turmoil and savagery are fully and sufficiently explained as the world's wrath at the sight of God's truth, and the "Mormon" problem achieves a clear and definite statement, thus: "How shall we prove that the 'Mormon' Church is not the true Church of God, as it claims?" Is this the horrid situation that has always afflicted the "sub-conscious" of anti-"Mormonism?"

The forming or statement of such an estimate as this involves no necessary conviction in the premises, nor, even, a readiness to argue for the claims of "Mormonism." It is interpretation of a situation, rather than assertion of a conviction. Furthermore, it is interpretation of a situation created by the professed enemies of "Mormonism" which they alone can modify, if they are so moved.

Without fear of exaggerating, we may assert that the situation is almost unique. We can blind ourselves no longer to the fact, in our attitude toward and our treatment of these people, we have done no otherwise than help them re-enact the miseries of the early Christians. In this we have dignified, rather than discredited, in any degree, their most radical claims. The analogy between the two is startling. At no time in the world's history did intolerance, injustice, violence, false witness, or other forms of "man's inhumanity to man" attain such huge and hideous proportions, as in the persecutions of the early Christians. Throughout the Roman empire at this same period, every form of squalid superstition and half crazy philosophy was viewed with appreciative complacency, but the Christians were safe nowhere. They were accused of numerous crimes evidently committed by others; of misdoings existing nowhere but in the depraved imaginations of their traducers, and even of evil things done or procured for the deliberate purpose of creating excuses to oppress them. They were advertised as a menace to the state; as conspirators against "law and order;" as "anarchists, brigands and murderers;" as people, in short, to be tolerated nowhere and to be feared and hated everywhere. There was evidently a very definite and serious "Christian problem" before the Roman people.

The horrible story of the early days of Christianity has been told repeatedly. There is no need to rehearse the sickening details here, nor to dwell on them further than to remark that "hell let loose to oppose the cause of truth and righteousness" is the fairest characterization. Yet, in this very fact may we derive the strongest argument in favor of the claims of Christ. If he were not the Lord of life, whose "lifting-up" means the ultimate overthrow of hell and the "death of death," it were difficult, indeed, to explain why all the agencies of evil were massed together, as it were, to attempt the destruction of his cause and his people. Why else was it that just and wise men, such as Marcus Aurelius—he whose "Meditations" are still read and quoted by students of moral thought—should participate in this reign of hellish madness? Why else was it that good men imbued their hands with innocent blood? In such matters we see examples of the principle that "God maketh the wrath of man to praise him"—they were accumulating the "evidence."

How strange, then, it must appear that, eighteen centuries later, this same lying and vindictive spirit again appears to tempt men, otherwise just and righteous, to lie, revile, persecute, and even mur-

der, in the alleged behalf of truth! Had they so behaved in opposition to any one of the numerous sects and denominations that have arisen in our country, and still survive, more or less obscurely, it would have seemed a surprising waste of energy, or an unwarranted compromise with evil-doing. That they reserved their unworthy activity for the only sect or church that, definitely and flatly announced its claim to exclusive divine authority is significant. Why were the claims of this Church not ignored as absurd and presumptuous, from the standpoint of the world at large, and the Church itself left to live or die, as destiny might decide? Why, indeed? Why, in the same fashion, could not the Jews and Romans of twenty centuries ago ignore, and leave to its fate, another Church which arose making the same claims?

Now, as we may hear, the two cases, the ancient and the modern, are not perfectly parallel; we lack in these times the arena, the terrors of wild beasts, the tortures, and the cruel and miserable forms of death. The modern movement is, they allege, merely the zeal, overdone at times, perhaps, mistaken often, exaggerated usually, of good men, earnest and God-fearing, who oppose what they honestly believe a wicked heresy and a dangerous organization. Goodness and earnestness have been credited with very curious disguises long before our time, but many there are who doubt the masquerade. As for ourselves, there is no valid defense for our doings and sayings, and we may as well understand it.

To be sure, in this modern misbehavior of ours, the bloody and wicked violence of early Christian days has not been perfectly reproduced. This, however, is only because, unlike the old Romans, the greater mass of our people are of a stock which has always been indifferently bloodthirsty, even from the earliest times. Also, all these things were done in this age of utilitarian civilization, and weak stomachs, when we have neither the time, nor the physical inclination to enjoy wholesale bloody violence. It is distinctly repugnant, even when visited on enemies. Nevertheless, despite all our handicaps of race and time, we have failed but slightly in point of will. Very many things we have not done, but many of these, again, we have advocated as far as we have dared.

The facts are all written on the pages of history. Here we find that murderous mobs assaulted the "Mormons" in every state where they appeared, and in a preposterously large number of cases pleading religious grounds for their deviltry. The violent denunciations of preachers and other agitators, really quaking for their own livings, no doubt, inflamed the baser elements, even to the commission of murder. During the persecutions in Missouri occurred the brutal massacre of Haun's Mill, in which defenseless women and little boys were shot to death in an abandoned blacksmith shop. On several occasions even the "Mormons" hit back against the slaughterers of women and children, and, forthwith, arose monstrous tales of "Danites" or "destroying angels," whose trade and pleasure alike was murder and violence. Finally, the "outraged population" drove all these people from their homes, men, women, children and the aged and sick together, in the dead of winter, compelling them to leave the state. Where were the "Danites" then? Ordained preachers accompanied some of the bands of anti-"Mormon" ruffians in the capacity of "chaplains"—it was a holy war.

Later, after the "Mormons" had settled in Illinois, very similar movements were organized against them. The "conscience" of the community must have been like a running sore, so sensitive it was. Governor Ford, a participant in much of the turmoil in this state, wrote a history in which he asserts that "popular indignation" against these people was rooted in their own political chicanery. Some ex-

planations need crutches. The political "indignation" culminated in the murder of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother in the jail at Carthage. Here they were shot to death by a mob having their faces blackened with burnt cork, and the niveous whiteness of their virginal characters cloaked beneath participation in a savage and unlawful act. They rose "manfully" to the duty of destroying this "enemy of true religion," subduing their racial abhorrence to the sight of blood. But even with this "achievement," the popular "horror at political perfidy" was not assuaged. A "posse of citizens," under the leadership, for a time, of a certain Brockman, a Campbellite preacher of bad reputation and great zeal, and with the apparent approval of the governing clique of the state, heckled and tormented the "Mormons" in their city of Nauvoo, until they arose, man, woman and child, and sought a refuge beyond the sunset.

In the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, safe from the depredations of even the most "indignant" mobs of "outraged citizenry," they still continued to be a menace in the eyes of the clergy and of other sensitive souls. Their reek pervaded the upper air, like the wind-borne ashes of a volcano: their existence could not be forgotten. The "unruly member" in the anatomies of numerous good people did "yeoman service for the cause of truth." Missionaries and traveling bishops brought back weird tales of impending "bloody conflicts" and "infuriate disloyalty," and our people—satiated, likely, with "penny-dreadful" stories of wild Indians, misguided cowboys, and ruthless "road agents"—welcomed these vapid hallucinations as new provocations to the delights of a howling frenzy. Popular preachers, hired to herald the gospel of peace and love to intelligent congregations, grew restive at God's delay with the thunderbolts, and shrieked for the artillery to "thunder" the "Mormons" into futurity, and for bayonets to tap the springs of their sinfulness and of their life-blood together. These things are too well attested to be denied.

A leading Presbyterian journal openly advocated that the "Mormons" be driven from their homes, and that their "lands and tenements be thrown open to original entry by civilized settlers." Preachers and publications of other connections offered precisely similar advice with equal energy; holding, evidently, that, in St. Peter's words, some people are "fit only to be taken and killed." What these popular preachers and religious editors would have tried to do, had the power been in their hands, may be better imagined than enlarged upon. However, the cool blood of the Briton and the Teuton fevers less readily with the lust of persecution than do the liquid elements of the Latin and the oriental. Their material was refractory, but they did their noble best with it. Failing in the attempt to provoke an "armed conflict," with these people by violent talk, they bombarded Congress with demands of sumptuary legislation, finally compromising in their more strenuous designs, when acts were passed dissolving the corporation of the "Mormon" Church, declaring its property escheated to the public treasury, and its people disfranchised and branded with outlawry. We cannot wonder that the framers of our Constitution specifically enacted that no law should be passed relating to the "establishment of religion." This was a selected method of calling "not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

If all this was not persecution, what, then, shall we call it? Many travelers, public officials and "gentile" residents of the "Mormon" country flatly denied all the charges of superlative rascality brought against them, while congressmen and senators, even from states sodden with anti-"Mormon" sentiment, denounced and thundered at the brutal provisions of the Edmunds law. These men

so far as the "Mormons" were concerned, were all "rank outsiders," howbeit normal in the fact that the cerebral co-ordination between their sense records and their speech centers seems to have been intact. Many well-meaning persons suffer from derangement in this particular. They challenge our pity, but it is "unscientific," perhaps, to call them plain falsifiers.

One of these people, favored with a normal co-ordination, a man named Charles Ellis, who always appended "Non-'Mormon'" to his signature, summed the situation in the following words:

"From its appearance, 'Mormonism' has been hated by the evangelical sects as a heresy. The cry against its polygamy as being a danger to society, and the cry against its priesthood as being a danger to the government have never been more than a subterfuge, the object being to detract attention from the real fight, which was to destroy the 'Mormon' heresy. This statement will bear full investigation. . . . Why has 'Mormonism' been so much misunderstood? Simply because the evangelical churches saw in its success their own downfall, and they dare not let their own followers know what 'Mormonism' really is, lest they should embrace it. As compared with the evangelical conception of life here and after, 'Mormonism' is as a Rocky Mountain day in May compared with a New England day in March when the wind is east and the sun is veiled. Such being the case, it may be readily understood that an investigation . . . will reveal a very different spirit from that which has been talked about, and written and preached against in the east for nearly half a century."

As it was in the days when the Romans persecuted the harmless disciples of the lowly Nazarene, so also in this latter-day persecution, the persecutors charge upon the persecuted the very sins with which they and their fellows will be charged at the judgment seat of God. The crimes and rascalities alleged against the "Mormons"—and there may be some "Mormons" as there are some others who are guilty of some or of all of them—are merely the adumbrations of the kinds of iniquity most common among us all. When we see a bad "Mormon," or a bad Indian, or a bad Chinese, or a bad person of any stock or allegiance with which we happen to be out of sympathy, his badness looms far more hideous than the same quality in ourselves or in our friends. This is because of defective imagination. We are like the man mentioned by St. Peter 1:24, who, having beheld his face in a glass, "straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is." We are also like Edgar Poe's hero, William Wilson, who slew his own disembodied conscience, mistaking it for a threatening and hateful adversary and thus destroyed himself. It is, indeed, a sad and dreadful thing when good men, pausing from their appointed work, assume the role of accusers. We know who the great Accuser is, and we have Christ's own word for it that he was a "liar from the beginning." It is dangerous to trespass in this field, unless we are willing to accuse ourselves with the rest of humanity.

In view of these facts, it is scarcely remarkable that anti-"Mormon" accusation consists either of wanton exaggeration or of childish triviality. It is, in fact, an attempt to justify ourselves for our over-zealous opposition to this form of faith, and not, in any propriety, the cause or occasion of any part of it. If this be a mistaken view, it is quite certain that we ask our fellows to help "crush" these people with a quality of "evidence" upon which no one could justly hang a dog. Their "impurity" and "immorality" have been embalmed in a whole literature of lachrymose jeremiads, which has provoked the detestation, unjustly, of "gentile" virtue, and replenished the coffers of missionary enterprise. We are told, on the one hand, that the

alleged "general impurity among the young people" is definitely traceable to the "social dances" founded by Brigham Young, since these affairs promote too close association among the sexes. Poor Brigham Young, when will they reach the end of his mistakes! But, who founded the "social dances" and other affairs which should account for the same kind of doings in all the world beyond? If such things really bothered us so much, we would never have time even to mention the existence of any form of "Mormon" iniquity. We are told, on the other hand—and this by a "missionary" who has been sadly careless in the matter of contradicting false rumors in the past—that this terrible "impurity" originated in the institution of "polygamy." (Ergo, "Mormonism" must be crushed again). But what effect, if any, is visible to missionaries, is exercised on the young by that other "social institution," beside which Presbyterianism thrives fatly, innocuously, complacently, in "gentile" vicinages, just as should the lamb and the wolf, who, by prophetic promise, shall one day "dwell together?" Another gentleman complains that "Mormonism" destroys the "unity of the family." He neglects to inform us, however, to what extent we must blame this system for the 55,000 divorces annually effected in this country. Probably the influence which he deplores gains in virulence in direct ratio to its distance from the point of origin.

Another coterie of sectarian critics, like the famous "traveler from Altruria," who found his guileless soul constantly in pain, because the "Golden Rule" appeals not to worldly cupidity, publish a wail of horror at the record of the juvenile court in a city "overwhelmingly 'Mormon.'" Because of this dreadful list, including truancy, malicious mischief, use of tobacco, violating city ordinance, trespassing on railroad cars, and several other offenses common to youth, even in "Christian" communities, their trenchant editor runs amuck through half a column, reviling a senator, accusing a drug company of "booze-vending," hinting at vague rumors of "unprintable doings," which no one had attempted to print, and concludes thus: "The reason is that in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints there is no saving power. The 'Mormon' Church has not and cannot change. [Shades of the grammarians!] The only hope for Utah is in the evangelical churches, and these churches must declare the whole counsel of God, or sadly miss their chance."

Well, good, kind, logical gentlemen, "declare the whole counsel of God;" and do it now—it should take the whole time of all of you—but do soft-pedal these "railing accusations" based on the folly of irresponsible children, and omit this hoodlum gossip about "unprintable doings" which are no monopoly of "Mormons," else some of us will conclude that you know little enough of God and his counsels. If the evangelical churches are going to purge Utah of the vicious practices of truancy and trespassing on railroad cars, which so seriously discredit "Mormon" influences, it is a great mystery that juvenile delinquents are so numerous and so enterprising in communities blessed with the untrammelled influence of evangelicalism. This situation reminds one curiously of the fable of the boastful traveler, who, on returning home, brought witnesses to attest a mighty jump once made by him in Rhodes. "No need for witnesses," said his neighbors. "Pretend this is Rhodes, and jump again." The marvelous things to be accomplished by the missionaries of our ineffective sects, among the heathen and others, is always out of all proportion to anything they have ever done at home.

But, there is one charge brought against the "Mormon" Church, which experience might warrant us in believing serious. It is to the effect that this Church asserts the doctrine that God's priesthood is superior to all (?) earthly governments: in other words, that it antici-

pates the institution of a theocracy, in which its own central authority shall be supreme. If such is the teaching of this Church, it merely repeats what is, after all, the common belief of all Christian sects, each one in behalf of itself and of its fellowships. The oldest of them all, the Roman church, still asserts its claim to "temporal power," and the belief in its future complete realization. At one period this church was virtual ruler of the world, and its head was recognized as king of kings. The music of angel choirs disturbed no one's sleep in those days. Some there be who assert that the world has improved since the Catholic power was broken. The government of England has been for several centuries theocratic, to the extent, at least, of seating the bishops of the established church in the House of Lords. There has always been a fairly uniform "Christian harmony" in this house, between the "lords temporal" and the "lords spiritual," and neither party has sought to curtail the "sacred prerogatives" of the other. "How beautiful it is when brethren dwell together in unity." The result is the religious inculcation of the British commoner's sacrosanct reverence for all established authority and for exalted personages in general. By the same token, this reverential person expects no special privileges or prerogatives to apply to himself. Such things are reserved for persons in exalted station. When, for example, the people petitioned Charles II in vain to call a parliament to decide certain questions of importance to themselves, the church party enrolled itself with the court attaches in opposition to the people, thus dividing Englishmen into two camps, the "petitioners," all too forgetful of "divine rights," and the "abhorrrers," who were very piously revolted at such presumption. Thus, it is scarcely remarkable that England, with all her glories, is not, nor was ever, the home of human brotherhood and equal rights. This fact many of her people are beginning to suspect today, in their revolt against ridiculous and oppressive laws and customs; and when she reaps the whirlwind, as she surely will, it will be largely because those thinking "to say within [themselves], We have Abraham to our father" (in a "spiritual sense") have forgotten to "bring forth the works of Abraham." No contributions to the cause of universal justice or the sacred rights of mankind ever came to birth, because the bishops sat with the lords: almost uniformly, they have been forced forth by demand of the people themselves, working from below upward. Yet, some would fain have us believe that a large part of Christ's mission on earth was to establish these bishops in power.

The social unrest of the present day has compelled people active in the affairs of our various churches to take a serious, often grudging, cognizance of the conditions under which mankind have labored and suffered hitherto, and which they have very generally ignored. Thus, we are told, in way of explanation and excuse, that "the church has not yet developed the full social consciousness," but, presumably, is now at work upon its development. Similarly, "the power of working miracles has become latent;" and "in the future the Church will develop a powerful moral influence." Prominent workers constantly propose the question, "What shall be the Church's attitude upon" this and that issue? There can be no doubt but what the Church founded by Christ—if, indeed, his own words are any clue to his intentions in the matter—possessed a well-defined "social consciousness," also, the "power of working miracles," and exercising a moral influence. Presently, our sectarian friends will fully acknowledge the complete "apostasy" of their respective bodies; finding such a multitude of "undeveloped" influences, which, by Christ's own words, should have been fully matured and vitally active in all these centuries of "Christian" domination. It is strange, also, that anyone should ask, except from

motives of the merest curiosity, "What shall be the Church's attitude?" Great problem that, referring to an organization professedly informed and vitalized by the Spirit of God!

Protestantism is also theocratic to the extent that, while patterning about the "separation of church and state," it is constantly busy-boddy about procuring laws to enforce standards of righteousness, otherwise not to be observed. If the Protestant preacher, a person constitutionally unable to discriminate a fact from a fancy, also emulous of no such ability, could refrain from meddling in politics, fewer foolish laws would stand on our statute books, and far less injustice be done among us. His kind of "theocracy" is a real menace. Sad it is for a community whose moral standards are determined by such people.

Once, in the history of our beloved country, the Protestant preacher was the chief factor in the government. The history then composed is no story of regnant loving kindness, nor of the supremacy of any of the "weightier matters of the law." It is a tale of bitter strifes, rank oppression, endless turmoil, crazy behavior and detestable presumption; we refer to affairs in Massachusetts Bay colony. Henry Dunster, principal of Harvard college, for announcing his disbelief in infant baptism, was driven forth in the depth of winter with all his family. This seems to be a favorable method with heretics. Roger Williams was censured by the colonial sanhedrin for insisting that the colonies had no just title to lands, except by grants from the aborigines. This was counted "impious," because, as they held, God had given these lands to them, his "elect." Later, Williams was banished, largely for advocating the separation of church and state. A woman named Anne Hutchinson was similarly driven forth for alleged heresies, but principally for criticising the "chief priests and the scribes." Mary Dyer, a fanatical Quaker, was hanged, after repeated banishments and returnings, because she presumed to "warn" these saintly autocrats. Several others of her connection were similarly subjected to the form of "banishment" that is certain to entail no danger of returnings, simply because the government knew of no other way to "silence" them; the Puritan churches, like another just mentioned, demonstrated "no saving power." But the apogee was reached in the witchcraft insanity, fathered by Cotton Mather, ably assisted by others of the pastors, which resulted in the deaths, cruelly brought about, of scores of unfortunate people, many of them aged, all of them, probably, innocent of wrongdoing.

The public excesses perpetrated by these preacher-autocrats were worthily seconded by their theological abominations. The gloom of the spiritual "reign of terror" inaugurated by these persons was intensified by the heathenish doctrines of infant damnation and of a God whose "mercy" was no more than legalistic immunity from the horrors of his "justice." One needs only read the famous poem by Michael Wigglesworth, "The Day of Doom"—a composition highly prized among the Puritans—to appreciate the force of Wesley's remark to the Calvinistic Whitefield, "Your God is my devil."

Small wonder that this inverted pyramid of oppression, false doctrine, and presumption collapsed from its own top-heaviness. Small wonder, also, that the unthinking element supposes that massacre, murder, violence and bloody doings, in general, are necessary accompaniments of theocracy. This explains many of the wanton charges made against the "Mormons;" it was association of ideas merely. We should remember, however, that the word connotes "God-government," the scheme promulgated in the Bible;

also, that "Mormonism" advocates neither the first, nor yet the worst form. It merely claims for itself, if it makes a claim in this particular, the same dignity as the visible agent of God which all other bodies assert on their own behalf; and such right is guaranteed under our Constitution. However, such is the soul and substance of the famous "political menace," in consequence of which, again, we are urged to help quash "Mormonism." But, in view of general shortcomings, why stop with this Church? Why not completely purge the Augean stables of American religion, befouled, as they are, by the cattle of false doctrine, hypocrisy, and Christless self-complacency, and begin anew with the faith that the Savior meant precisely what he said on all matters whatsoever, and nothing else?

It is to be piously hoped that those persons who claim the dignity of religious leaders will one day outlive the childish habit of slandering those with whom they happen to disagree. The practice serves most effectively to fortify the faith of believers in the persecuted sect or cult, also, to excite the suspicion in many minds, that, all the weight of truth and righteousness may not lie on the side of the sword, the fire-brand, and the "serpent's tongue." Thus, for example, in our silly policy of persecuting the "Mormons," we have accomplished two things, not in our program. We have fortified the faith of believers in this Church, and have furnished excellent arguments to others who are seeking occasions against the claims of traditional sectarianism, as if its wretched failures did not argue enough already. We have demonstrated, in short, that, so far as concerns simple loyalty to Christ's teachings and commands, our sects and creeds have again been "weighed and found wanting," and this, in his own words, "because thou hadst no mercy."

No adherent or advocate of "Mormonism" can ever complain in the words of Scripture, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," because we have danced. Joseph Smith has been the stage-manager, and the rest of us have obediently taken the positions and played the parts which he has assigned to us. He said to the great "Christian" public of our country: "Your part shall be that of the apostate victims of Satan, involved in the 'great falling-away'," and we have acted the apostate to the life. He said to the handful of disciples gathered around him: "You are the remnant of Israel, chosen to restore God's kingdom in the world," and their acting, also, has been most realistic. They persist in the role of the "lamb dumb before its shearers," and to our wealth of vitriolic eloquence they have answered "not a word." While anti-"Mormonism" has raged and howled itself into gnashing paroxysms which have passed current for seizures of "righteous indignation," they have stolidly adhered to the command, "revile not again."

One can understand, to be sure, how that a system of religion claiming to be the "restoration of the fulness of the gospel," and explicitly declaring the complete apostasy of all previous sects and churches, should be odious to religionists of other persuasions. But that is not sufficient reason for playing pandemonium "by request." In our blindness and stupidity, we have done everything possible to establish the truth of Joseph Smith's claims, also those of the Church founded by him, except arguing directly in their favor. Now it is rather late to reverse ourselves.

Is the "Mormon" Church the true Church of God, after all? If not, why do its enemies "so furiously rage," precisely as should the enemies of the real true Church? Is this Church blasphemously presumptuous in declaring the unescapable necessity for a restoration of the gospel in the world apostate from Christ? If so, why have its opponents piled the "Pelion" of slander on the "Ossa" of malignant

hate, thus adding fresh arguments to the "infidel" conviction that the "Mormon" charges are true? All this is no "Mormon" presumption; so many Christlike qualities have become "latent" in Christian centuries, that they must have been honestly deceived into supposing them absent entirely. Such a "mistake" is nearly inevitable. Could any educated "heathen," reading for the first time a truthful and perspicuous history of "Christianity," close the book with the tearful comment, "Lord, I believe?" If such an educated "heathen" should then turn to the history of "Mormonism," he might feel surprised at Joseph Smith's account of his first vision, where God said of traditional sects, "Their hearts are far from me. Having a form of godliness, they deny the power thereof." "Why," he might ask, "should a fact so entirely obvious, when the history of 'Christianity' is known, be made the subject of a special revelation?"

Is there not enough work for the Christian churches, or any other engines contrived for assumed righteous ends, in uprooting the rank weeds of injustice, misery, ignorance and sin, as Christ sought to do, without turning aside from the plain path of duty, merely to make it possible that the despised "Mormons" might read the eight Beatitudes with the keen relish of a personal application? Indeed, we owe it solely to the ex-officio activity of our "spiritual pastors and masters," that the "Mormons" can apply to themselves this beatitude: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake"—and all these things have we done with a pertinacity worthy a more godly form of service—"for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Nor can we blame others than ourselves, if we are indicted in another sentence, not a beatitude, "Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets."

Speaking of prophets true and false, the words of Christ seem to indicate that the former have generally been persecuted, rejected, stoned and killed—this seems to be the mark of a "true prophet;" we should not have shot Joseph Smith—while to the latter he makes one telling reference, "Wo unto you when all men speak well of you; for so did their fathers to the false prophets." If Christ's words are comprehensible at all, he certainly taught that his doctrine should never find universal favor, until the time when the earth should be redeemed from the curse of sin in all its phases—for "these are the signs which shall follow." He expected and predicted that it would find small favor in the eyes of the world. He anticipated no era in which kings and the "predatory rich," the "refined," the wise and the "just persons which need no repentance," should champion "his cause," and explain spaciouly why they did not produce the results expected. We are justified, then, on his own grounds, in questioning the validity of a form of Christianity, which can comfortably indwell our harlot civilization, and make no more inconvenience than it does for evil doers; also, in carefully considering the claims of another, which is, with a sickening uniformity, "despised and rejected of men." We are fond of quoting the poet's striking lines.

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,"

but we forget that "Mormonism" has been on the scaffold for over 80 years, now, and that, unless we change our attitude materially, it may stay there forever. Soon we shall lose our sense of dis-

crimination of truth and wrong, whether applied to "prophets" or other persons and things.

If we have spoken as we have, and have behaved as we have, as part of a seemingly predestined plan for furthering the "counsel and work" of a "false prophet," what worse things could we do or say should a "true prophet" arise among us? We would welcome him? We would honor him? We would entertain him in our comfortable homes, and yield him the preacher's place in our elegant churches? By no sort or manner of means would we do any of these things. If such a one came preaching the doctrines taught by Christ and by John the Baptist, and insisting that they be obeyed to the letter, not admired as literary exercises and choice examples of rhetorical excellence, how could we square with his demands our Sunday religion and our week-day carelessness, our cruel and detestable social order; our squalid failures and our anaemic obediences; our smug self-righteousness and our calm, assumption of the old claim of "Abraham to our father?" If such a person were not done to death by an "outraged mob of citizenry," he would certainly be shunned as unfit for "refined society." If such a view of the matter be unacceptable to any of us, the clear refutation lies in demonstrating the congeniality of our customs and institutions with the precepts uttered by Christ. His discourses were no high school declamations; and herein lies the condemnation of our stupidity.

But Christ aggravated the matter still further, both for the highly respectable Pharisees of his own time, and for those who say, "Lord, Lord," in others. "Beware," said he, "of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing" [making large claims and "boasting many things"] "Ye shall know them by their fruits." And what are the "fruits" which we should expect in persons acceptable to God? "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Should he appear in the clouds today and, on the basis of this test, which, so he declared, should separate the evil and the good, how greatly would the world be depopulated at hearing his "Come, ye blessed of my Father"? How many of us, "civilized," unctious, intolerant, self-satisfied "Christians," who render our "tithes of mint, anise and cummin," and leave such monstrous conditions of human poverty, misery, sin and Sybaritism, because we forget the "weightier matters of the law;" how many of us would "rise to meet him in the air?" In addition to all our other sins of omission and of commission, we have certainly not won His distinguished favor—unless his words are so "figurative" as to be meaningless—by our childish condemnation of a people whose first principle is "men are that they might have joy," and who have striven a little to make the world a better habitation for the few, at least, within their sphere of influence.

The Jews claimed to be God's people, and they have been persecuted in all the countries of the world, being accused of the most dastardly crimes, in addition to things that may be justly charged against them. Yet, we of free America still profess a belief that the Jews are chosen people of God. The "Mormons" made this same claim, and they have been persecuted in nearly all countries of the world; and we are unwilling to believe their claim, although charging them with the same crimes brought against the Jews from time immemorial. This is a curious coincidence. Furthermore, the same Providence, which we have been accustomed to see exercised over the Jews to keep them separate from the world, has been, apparently, exercised in behalf of the "Mormons" also.

There was a notable example of this some years ago, when we thought we were showing them our righteous scorn and our

virtuous contempt. In the year 1893, in connection with the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, occurred the famous Congress of Religions, a sort of theological "happy family," at which mingled together on a common platform, for mutual interchange of opinion, Christians, orthodox and heterodox; heathens, pagans and idolaters; Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics. The worthy promoters of this conclave literally searched the earth over, going "into the highways and hedges," with the object of fulfilling the command, "compel them to come in." Men came "from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south," and sat down with Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists. This may have been in way of a fulfilment, in part at least, of the ancient prophecy. "the leopard shall lie down with the kid;" or it may have been somewhat in the Psalmist's mind, when he sang, "Mercy and truth are met together;" or, again, merely a re-enactment of the august episode in which "Herod and Pilate were made friends together." Out of all the world's sects, cults, faiths, and superstitions, only one was found which "had not on a wedding garment"—such a livery as would be appropriate for an assemblage like this—and its name was "Mormonism." It alone was judged unworthy to participate in this convention, where professed worshipers of the God of Israel "were mingled among the heathen, and learned their works." (Ps. cvi: 35.)

Of course, the "Mormons" resented this exclusion. It seemed to them, and to the world in general, "the most unkindest cut of all." But Providence consults no man: "Mormonism," in this apparent slight, enjoyed once again the distinction of being "despised and rejected of men." As for the rest of us, we were left to describe our conduct in the words of the context, "We hid our faces from him; he is despised, and we esteemed him not." We let these people assume also, that, using us as humble instruments, God was merely enforcing the law to ancient Israel, "Thou shalt not seek their peace, nor their prosperity" (Deut. xxiii, 6); and was preparing to renew the old promise: "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word. Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." (Isaiah lxvi, 5).

We know now what the "Mormon" problem really is. We know that its answer involves meeting the challenge laid down by these people who call themselves Latter-day Saints. It is a two-fold problem, involving ourselves as well as them. "How shall we prove that the 'Mormon' Church is not the true church? How shall we prove that the true Church exists elsewhere on earth?" Certain writers have argued that the persecution and manhandling of "Mormonism" is only a re-enactment of the ancient parable of the "Stone which the builders rejected." Whether they be right or not, it is certain that, if this "Stone" is anywhere on earth, we have rejected it. In the first century, Paul declared, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." Where are they? In the twentieth century the groaning and travailing still continues, because of our inhuman injustice, our devilish social order, our self-righteous hypocrisy, our ineffective and self-satisfied sects, whose teachings and practices are a "far cry" to the commands of Christ, "The mountains are in travail: a ridiculous mouse is born."

Some Obligations of Citizenship*

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Young ladies and gentlemen: It is no doubt to some extent exasperating to you who are now so able to give advice, to be compelled to listen to the advice of others. For this reason I shall attempt to present for your consideration some thoughts on present day problems affecting our obligations and which as citizens of the greatest nation on earth we are too prone to forget; and if as individuals you transform this into advice, I shall not object. Be that with you as you will.

I take it as safe to assume that we all desire our citizenship to be satisfactory—to be good citizenship; and this may be defined as citizenship which realizes its obligations and strives ardently to meet them.

Now the good citizen is loyal to God and to his country; is obedient to law and believes in law enforcement; has courage to do his duty as a man and a citizen; loves his work; and has a laudable ambition in life. But in addition to all this he is possessed of a sense of obligation to all mankind—to the race. He realizes that, of a truth, he is his brother's keeper, that he is under heavy obligation to the past and that he can be absolved only as he does his duty to the present and the future.

This is pre-eminently the age of industry, and good citizenship requires that each one shall be industrially efficient. The industrial development of the past two decades is unparalleled in the history of forty centuries, and surely there is no disposition to minimize the value of America's great industrial contribution to civilization and the progress of the race. But life is not merely a matter of industry. There are many, on the other hand, who feel that the duties and obligations of citizenship are almost wholly political, and it would be short sighted indeed to deny the importance and value of political obligations realized and met. But life and citizenship mean more than the meeting of political obligations. Whatever value we attach to industrial life and activity, whatever value we attach to political life and activity, we must remember that human beings must associate together, and it is to the obligations of citizenship which come into being by reason

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of our associations together, that I desire to particularly direct your attention.

I lay down the proposition that the development of the social consciousness and the successful promotion of an ennobling social life constitute one of the greatest problems in America today. We are in the midst of a great world movement. Radical changes are taking place in present day institutions—industrial, political, educational, religious. Many old things are passing away, new ones are taking their places. Conspicuous among these changes is the movement toward universal social betterment of the race. Social consciousness is slowly but surely awakening, and as it does so, the realization that the welfare of one is the welfare of all, takes definite form. This movement means better opportunity for the less prosperous, abounding health for the sick, greater comfort and happiness for the unfortunate, the prevention of poverty, dependency, delinquency and crime, no enforced unemployment, a living wage for those who work, a single standard of morality, and industrial and political opportunity for men and women, and the cure of the deadly diseases of society.

It has long been our boast here in America that our public school system affords free and universal education and that the child of the poor has equal opportunity with the child of the rich. We have felt that the education we are providing is genuinely democratic. If we take the case of the high school, however, and look into the problem somewhat closely we find a peculiar condition. Not ten per cent of the pupils of the elementary schools go through the high schools, and nearly all of those who graduate either attend college or enter professional schools. As a matter of fact we conduct high schools largely for the benefit of the professional classes, and the overwhelming majority of our children who are as much entitled to an efficient training for life as the minority, get no benefits of secondary education simply because they belong to a class to whose needs the high school does not minister. Most young people who either do not enter high school or who, having entered, drop out before finishing a course, do so to undertake some kind of work, and they do so because the work is more attractive to them than the school. This condition does not make for better citizenship. The schools will not be doing their duty until the children of the less prosperous classes can find therein a training that fits for life just as surely as it can be found by those who are to follow professional careers.

Vocational training has a vital part to play in the world movement for race betterment—for social welfare. Social welfare is the measure by which all values must in the future be determined—industry, education, government, agriculture, in fact religion itself can be rightly measured by no other standard. Social

welfare demands that the high school shall do more than fit for the professions, and the very spirit of our democracy demands that the children of the less prosperous shall get as adequate a preparation for life as those of the well-to-do. Vocational life is highly specialized and the preparation therefore must be correspondingly highly specialized.

The health of the citizens of a nation is that nation's great asset. But not yet have we learned to look upon health as a matter of social welfare. Is it not a disgrace that more than a million people die annually in the United States of preventable diseases? At one time we looked upon this as a visitation of Divine Providence and so we submitted. Now we know that it is all displeasing to God as well as to man, that we ourselves are responsible, and that we can stop it whenever we want to.

Putting it in dollars, the American measure, the nation's loss in labor from this cause annually is \$2,500,000,000. It is stated upon good authority that in matters of sanitation and hygiene, taking it the nation over, we are seven times as dirty as Germany and ten times as dirty as Switzerland. It sounds better, probably, to say that Switzerland is ten times and Germany seven times as sanitary and hygienic as the United States. Our great trouble is that we have not yet learned to make social application of our knowledge. We are too individualistic. We think that since you and I and John are clean everything is alright and we need not be concerned with the cleanliness or lack of it in others. Truly it has not yet sunk deep enough into our consciousness that the welfare of one—anyone—is the welfare of all. Think of the annual deaths of little babies under one year of age. Think of the deaths from tuberculosis, perfectly preventable. Think of the deaths from typhoid, perfectly preventable also. Think of those who die annually from syphilis and gonorrhea, all preventable. There are going about amongst us always at least two millions of people with syphilis, a disease worse than leprosy, contagious yet preventable, and nothing is being done about it. I dare express the hope, which is indeed almost an assurance, that the complete enfranchisement of women will result in the establishment of such standards of purity in foods, such standards of life and living, such measures of prevention, such safeguards about the home and family, that preventable sickness and death will be looked upon as an unnecessary menace to social welfare and a disgrace to our civilization.

The unfortunate classes include the blind, deaf, feeble-minded, insane, criminals, juvenile delinquents, paupers and the aged. In all these cases except the feeble-minded the unfortunate ones are fairly adequately cared for, but in this latter class only about 15 per cent are properly cared for in institutions. I am not an

enthusiast over public custodial institutions, but it is anomalous that probably 85 per cent of all other unfortunates are properly cared for while such a small proportion of the feeble-minded are where they should be. There are probably from 150,000 to 200,000 feeble-minded persons in the United States and not more than 20,000 of them are receiving the care and humane attention they are entitled to receive at our hands. This is a matter of considerable moment to society at large because of the rather remarkable fact that the feeble-minded population is increasing at twice the rate that the normal-minded population is increasing, and two thirds at least of all feeble-minded persons are the children of feeble-minded parents or grand parents or both. It is true that a considerable number of feeble-minded persons are in such institutions as prisons, jails, reformatories, and industrial schools for boys and girls, and in a sense are "institution cared-for." But each of these institutions has its specific work to do which is not the care of the feeble-minded and they should not be in these institutions at all. The 20 per cent of adult reformatory inmates, the 25 to 30 per cent of the population of institutions for juvenile delinquents, the 12 to 18 per cent of inmates of prisons, and the 40 to 60 per cent of under-world women, as well as the feeble-minded who are struggling ineffectually to earn a competence in an honorable way, are deserving of better care, not only because of the dictates of our common humanity but because, too, it is a legitimate demand of our social welfare.

The most fruitful cause of poverty, dependency, delinquency, and crime is the unsatisfactory home. The home or, biologically speaking, the family is the unit of civilization. A community of satisfactory homes is a satisfactory community—there social welfare is not a problem. The community of unsatisfactory homes, is an unsatisfactory community, and there is the breeding ground of poverty, dependency, delinquency, and crime. That "prevention is better than cure" applies to our social ills just as emphatically as to our individual sicknesses, needs only to be stated; and social welfare demands that society protect itself from the establishment of the unfit family. To secure a license to teach school, to enter upon a business or professional career, or even to run a peddler's wagon, the applicant must have a good moral character and be vouched for by some reputable citizen; but to secure a license to marry and to establish one of these units of civilization one needs only to be in the form of a man, to be twenty one years old, not insane, and sober enough to stand up, and forthwith the great State of Utah, through any of her various county clerks, grants official sanction.

The unsatisfactory homes already established must be rehabilitated, must be made satisfactory as possible, and we must

protect ourselves, in so far as that may be within our power, from the establishment of such poor homes in the future. Thus will we lay proper emphasis on prevention.

There are a lot of social wrongs at the present time that will never be made right until we abolish the double standard of morality and substitute therefor a common standard for men and women. This ancient man-made idea is directly responsible for the damnable doctrine of the necessity and harmlessness of young men sowing wild oats. It is just as unnecessary and as tragically harmful in the case of men as it is in the case of women. When we realize that taking the United States over, six out of every ten adult men have had or now have some form of venereal disease, the expression "tragically harmful" is not too strong, because these 60 per cent of the adult male population are either ignorantly or malignantly sowing broadcast among the race, disease, sterility, pain, insanity, degeneracy, blindness of babies, and the seeds of death and decay.

The whole system of commercialized vice is built upon the supposed necessity of sowing wild oats, and it should be acknowledged in deep shame by the men of our nation that they—the men—are responsible for the existence of what is called the underworld. Commercialized vice is organized and promoted by men, it supplies a demand made by men, and the profits go to men. It is therefore a problem for men did I say? Aye! profits. Yesterday on Main Street, I stepped back to let a luxurious automobile pass. It contained a man, or rather an apology for a man who profits by commercialized vice in this beautiful city of ours. The house in which he lives, the money in his bank, the contributions he makes to his church, the magnificent car in which he rides, the money which pays for the education of his children, aye, the very food he eats and the clothing that covers his dishonored and contemptible body, all come from the profits of commercialized vice; from the bodies and souls of helpless girls more precious in the sight of God than his own.

There are wanted today 50,000 young girls to take the places of the 50,000 white slaves who will die in the United States during the coming year. Have any of you young men a sister to spare? And yet all these are our sisters, and we may not turn away. Dean Summer once told the story of the Magdalene, how when she was brought by her accusers before Jesus, He stooped and wrote something in the sand and one by one the guilty Pharisees disappeared, and Wilbur Nesbit wrote these lines which seem appropriate:

"We have saved the soul of the man who killed,
We have turned to shrive the thief;

We restored the pride of the man that lied,
And we gave him our belief;
But for her that fell have we fashioned hell
With a faith all stern and just—
It was so of old; and no man has told
What our Lord wrote in the dust.

“We have sighed betimes our brothers’ crimes,
And have bade them be of cheer,
For the flesh is weak, and the soul grown meek,
May yet read its title clear.
But we draw away from the one astray,
As the truly righteous must.
She is cursed indeed—and we did not read
What our Lord wrote in the dust.

“For the **men** who thieved and who killed and lied,
Who have slain the woman’s soul,
We have worked and prayed and have seen them made
All clean, and pure, and whole.
But we drive **her** out with a righteous shout
In our Pharisaic trust.
So the man goes free—but we did not see
What our Lord wrote in the dust.”

And what shall we say about alcoholism—the saloon evil; of the great conflict between capital and labor; of the bad housing of the poor; of child labor; of enforced unemployment; of indecent dance halls; the vicious cheap shows; the demoralizing summer resorts; all of which evils have their roots not in the individual, but in society itself? Shall the correction of these conditions that we are responsible for be considered as obligations of citizenship or not? Does social welfare demand anything of us in view of these wrongs? Is it possible to escape this mighty responsibility, or, do we desire to escape it?

Your course in life must be the answer to these questions because it will be the test of the quality of your citizenship.

Here you are 200 strong, young men and women with magnificent hereditary physical and mental endowments, just at the completion of your training for life. What is to be your answer?

You have youth—that marvelous possession that has been admired and idealized, envied and worshiped, abused and forfeited and is appreciated only after it is lost. You are today the advance guard of civilization, and tomorrow the leaders of mankind. Because of your youth you are like a mighty reinforcement to a tired army. The race receives new vigor and impetus

from each succeeding generation of young people, and racial progress is correspondingly accelerated.

Society has ministered to you benevolently. You have been born of goodly parents. You are free from hereditary and contagious diseases. Your lives have been free from the deadening, blighting social diseases of our time. Your companionships have been clean and satisfactory. Your homes are of a kind to be proud of. Your social activities ennobling.

You are educated. You are the heirs of the ages. The treasures of generations of civilization are opened to you. The past pours its bounteous contribution unimpaired into your lap. The best that society—the state—can do has been done for you. You have vision, and power and an appreciation of spiritual values. You are standing at the golden moment of your lives, now—to-day. And what is to be your answer?

You have character. You have learned obedience, and your obedience is a willing conformity to law. The "Thou shalt not" is now unnecessary in your lives, having been replaced by the "I will not" of self-control. You have learned to labor and to take joy therein, because work is art and art is work, and there is need of workers. So what is to be your answer?

You are under terrible obligations. Youth, health, perfect endowment, education, character, ideals, all speak of your duty and ask now what you will contribute to the future. If ideals fade, if character weakens, if education proves to be inadequate, if youth, health and perfect endowment are dissipated, if you yield to the subtle dangers of professional and commercial life, if you succumb to the untoward influences of business associates, it will be because of unwisdom at this golden moment of your careers—it will be because you do not hear the call to battle; it will be because you do not bring each day of your best and joyously lay it upon the shrine of service; it will be because you have not the light to see—you have not the power to do:

"Only for these I pray—
Pray with assurance strong;
Light to discover the way,
Power to follow it long.

"Let me have light to see
Light to be sure and know,
When the road is clear to me
Willingly I go.

"Let me have power to do,
Power of the brain and nerve,
Though the task is heavy and new
Willingly I will serve.

"My prayers are lesser than three,
Nothing I pray but two;
Let me have light to see,
Let me have power to do."

So in the name of humanity, in the name of the man with the hoe and all who are yoked to unfair and unjust conditions, in the name of social justice, and by the authority of God-given conviction of Right, I extend to you the hand of welcome of the workers, and call you to SERVICE.

Utah needs true devotion today as never before.

Elder N. L. Hansen of Brigham City, Utah, writes from Holbaek, Denmark, April 8: "We held a branch conference here on March 8th and 9th, the first of its kind ever held here. It has been suggested that similar branch conferences be held at least once each year in all the branches of the Church in this mission where conditions are such that it can be done. President Bjorkman of the Copenhagen conference and Mission Secretary Robert H. Sorensen, and Elder



James Hansen were with us. We had thirty-three enrolled in our Sunday School and had 100 per cent present besides several visitors. We have three classes. Besides a Young Men's and a Yung Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association we have an active Relief society which made their first charitable record by helping a family who are not members of the Church who lost their only child and had no means with which to bury it. The picture shows our Sunday School."

System in Stake Work*

BY NICHOLAS G. MORGAN, OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

The title of this topic bespeaks its importance. System is a synonym of the word "order," and order we understand is the first law of heaven. No organization can progress far, achieve much, or in fact endure long, that is not conducted or operated on a basis of some system. The great fundamental reason for the success of our commercial institutions is that they are carried on systematically and orderly.

Mutual improvement work is a business, and in order to make it successful and profitable it must be carried on in a systematic and orderly manner. The same reason that requires system in our business life applies very forcibly to the work in which we are engaged. It is universally found that where definite plans are formulated and ways and means devised to carry those plans into execution, where regular meetings are held and enthusiasm is injected into the work, in those stakes success always results.

The stake superintendency and board should be in constant communication with the officers of the various wards. The stake organization might be likened unto a central power station from which the respective wards in the stake draw their power. If there is a short circuit at the central station, naturally, the stations dependent thereon will be vitally affected. The stake organization should keep advised as to the needs and requirements of the local organizations, and the ward organizations should look to the stake officers for information and direction. A complete understanding and perfect harmony between the ward and stake officers must be had before any progress can be achieved.

Meetings, at regular intervals, should be held by the stake officers with the ward officers. Generally these meetings are held monthly. At them a closer relationship is brought about between all the Mutual Improvement officers in the stake. Instructions and assignment of work are here given to the ward officers. Questions that have arisen in the local organizations that require discussion are here submitted and discussed. In order to make this monthly meeting a success, it should be held regularly and made highly interesting. There should always be a special order of business. Questions vital to the work are arising constantly

*Delivered at the Y. M. M. I. A. officers meeting, June 7, 1913, General Conference.

and require the attention of all officers. The stake superintendency should plan and prepare for this monthly meeting. The first of these meetings should be held in September, that plans may be laid for the opening of the work in October.

The old adage that a battle well begun is half won is true, and the stake superintendency that can line up its forces, have the ranks filled, and can start out well-prepared, has overcome half the difficulties of the winter's work. On the other hand, where a good start is not had, where the season is half gone before the organization is completed, where problems that should have been solved in October, and questions that should have been taken up in November, are not considered until December or January, chaos is bound to result, and defeat and failure is inevitable. Such procedure is not systematic.

At this first meeting in September, every officer in the stake should be present. Above all other meetings, this should be well attended and made highly interesting. It is the starting point for the winter's work, and to a large degree indicates what is going to be accomplished. At this meeting there are certain questions that are uppermost in the minds of all officers. The question as to how the opening meeting can be made a success arises. The ward officers are deeply interested in getting their work started off properly. A very profitable discussion could be had on the question: What is the best plan or program for the opening night?

Another topic that should be considered at this meeting is: How can we raise the ERA subscription to the 5% mark and thus place us on the Honor Roll? I have found it true, and I think you brethren will concur with me, that where ERA subscriptions are solicited at the beginning of the work, when everyone feels the spirit of the Mutual Improvement cause, more can be accomplished in getting subscribers to our journal than at any other time of the year. Instructions concerning the canvass for the ERA should be given at this meeting. Missionary work for members should also be discussed at the September meeting. Arrangements should be made for the appointing of a missionary committee in each ward. Much good would come from a free discussion as to the best plan for getting our boys and young men into our organization. If this meeting is a success, the ward officers will return to their respective organizations with definite plans as to how to proceed, and filled with enthusiasm for the work.

At the October monthly meeting the program for the special order of business might be a discussion on the question: Preliminary Programs. Someone should be appointed at the preceding meeting to lead out in the discussion of each of these questions. After a thorough discussion of this topic, a suggestive preliminary program for each week of the ensuing month might

be drawn up for the use of the various organizations. The question of the monthly conjoint meeting might be considered. Suggestions as to how this meeting can be made the most interesting and effective should be made. Instructions as to what should and what should not be included in the program of the monthly conjoint meeting should be given by the stake superintendency. A third question that could profitably be discussed at this meeting is the "Open Night." The subject of "Debating" might also be considered. A thorough understanding should be had concerning these various topics during the first part of the season. If the winter's work is to be a success, the preliminary program, the monthly conjoint meeting, and the open night must be made interesting and profitable.

At the November meeting the question of the Fund naturally arises. No organization can long survive without means, and the importance of this matter should be laid before the ward officers by the stake superintendency. "How to collect 100% of the fund, could be discussed by some officer, and then the matter thrown open for general discussion. It should be definitely determined at this meeting as to how the fund should be collected, and when it is to be handed in. Another subject that could be discussed at this meeting is that of "Class Study."

The month of December brings the holiday season, and the meeting held during this month could profitably be devoted to the discussion of the question of amusements. Both in our smaller settlements and in our larger cities, the amusements of our young people present a vital issue. The Mutual Improvement Association should take the initiative in planning the amusements and in making them so attractive that our boys and girls will have no desire to go elsewhere.

At the January meeting plans should be made for a second campaign for membership. January opens up the second half of the winter's work and initiates the new year. A lively discussion should be had in relation to the matter of getting new members into the ranks, and stirring up the old members to activity. Plans should also be laid at this meeting for a second collection of the fund.

The meeting in February might be devoted to the laying of plans for the M. I. A. Day. This question requires a great deal of work, and it would be unwise to postpone its consideration to a later date. Instructions concerning the work to be done in the various wards, assignment of duties to the various officers, etc., should be given at this meeting. The date when it is thought most advisable to hold M. I. A. Day, should also be determined upon at this meeting.

The March meeting should be devoted largely to the question

of reports and records. A resume should be made of the year's work, and it should be ascertained whether or not the reports and records have been kept properly and are ready to be handed in. Instructions concerning these matters should be given by the stake superintendency.

April brings the end of the year's work and the April conference. The meeting held in this month should be utilized in preparing for the April and the June conferences.

Through the means of these monthly meetings the stake superintendency should be able to keep advised as to the condition of the work in the various wards. Through these meetings, uniform work should be done throughout the stake. The great responsibility of making this system a success rests, however, upon the stake superintendent himself. He is the engineer of this machine and it largely depends upon him as to whether or not every part is kept in order and made to do its portion of the work. Men should be selected as stake superintendents who are in sympathy with the work,—who are familiar with the workings of our machine, and who are enthusiastic in the Mutual Improvement cause.

The ward is a unit in the stake just as the stake is a unit in the Church. Regular weekly meetings should be held in each of the wards where the questions constantly arising within the organizations can be considered and disposed of. If the ward president can make these meetings successful, there is little doubt but what his organization will prove successful. Definite programs can be arranged for each of these meetings. It is here that the ward officers should consider and arrange to carry into execution the instructions and assignment of duties given by the stake organization. These meetings, it can be clearly seen, are very vital to the welfare of the ward association and unless they are held regularly and attended to by the officers and teachers, the work assigned and the instructions given by the stake authorities cannot effectively be carried into action.

If, therefore, we are to get results in our work, if our organizations are to prove successful, we must inject system into them, and we must follow out our plans with vigor and enthusiasm. If a thing is worth doing at all, it worth doing well, and the work in which we are engaged is certainly worth while. I can conceive of no greater work than that of building character and making men. That is the aim of the Mutual Improvement Association. You, my brethren, and the great host of officers and teachers associated with you are in very deed ambassadors of Jesus, the Redeemer of the world, in making upright and honorable, the lives of the children of men.

“Follow-up Work” in the Mutuals*

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, EDITOR AND AUTHOR, AND MEMBER OF THE
GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

By “follow up work” is meant the following up by General Stake and Ward officers of plans proposed and instructions given, to see that these are carried into effect.

If the suggestions just given by Brother Morgan are to become a power for good, they must move the receiver to action, sufficiently to have them carried into effect. A true “follow-up” work would be done if the General Board, adopting these suggestions as its own, would not lose sight of them, but would at some future time call for reports on them to see how they were working out.

The very purpose of organization in Mutual Improvement Associations, as well as in all like societies, is that there might be order, and system, and leadership, for it is necessary that there are some to plan, to suggest, and to lead the way. Human society is so constituted that such organization seems essential to insure progress along any line of activity.

Leadership, however, is of little value unless the leader has some means of enforcing his orders. Instructions issued by the heads of any organization are largely wasted effort if these instructions are not carried into effect. In the case of our Mutual Improvement Associations, as in all our Church organizations, the plans of the head can be enforced only to the extent that the subordinates are willing to carry them out; for the rule of the Priesthood is based on this, that “No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile.” All our follow-up work must, therefore, harmonize with these great fundamental principles.

In our case, the lack of carrying out instructions of superior officers is usually more because of carelessness or neglect rather than because of any spirit of insubordination. We acknowledge the wisdom and helpfulness of instructors and rules of conduct, but we may lack the will power to heed the instructions and ob-

*Delivered at the M. I. A. officers meeting, June, 7, 1913, General Conference.

serve the rules; hence the principle of follow up work in our associations becomes of great importance. We are willing to be reminded of our duty if done in the proper spirit; we are glad to be checked up at times, knowing our proneness to forget or to procrastinate; we cheerfully accept help when we lag behind or come to a seeming formidable obstacle in the road.

The principle of this follow-up work is fundamental. The law of compensation holds in the world and all its affairs. Every blessing is predicated on the observance of the law which brings it. Some day the books shall be opened, we are told, and all shall be judged from what is there written. The recording Angel never forgets to follow up and make the proper entries. The Lord in giving instructions to the Saints in early days regarding the temporal affairs of the Church said: "It is required of the Lord at the hands of every steward to render an account of his stewardship, both in time and in eternity." It seems from this that the responsibility of stewardship never ceases. The Lord always holds men to account, into whose hands some responsibility is placed.

Every Mutual Improvement officer is a steward,—a caretaker of things of more value than of material wealth—of the growth of soul and character of the young men of the Church. The General Board's stewardship extends to the whole Church, the Stake Board's to the activities within the stake, the ward officer's to the young men in the ward, committees' and individuals' to the specific duties devolving on them. All are under responsibility, not only to plan and to give instructions, but also to see that these plans and instructions are carried into effect.

This responsibility does not cease when the instructions are sent out, for that is frequently the lesser labor. To sit in a Board or Presidency, or Committee meeting is important, because all things must be done in order; but to cease to labor when that is done, is to do but half the work. To dictate letters of instructions to a stenographer, and send them out by the hundreds, may do some good, and usually does; but unless these letters are followed up by other letters, by enquiries, by required reports, and by personal visits of inspection, they fail to do their full work.

The value of this follow-up work is appreciated when we remember the importance of preventing failures. Plans matured and launched only to be lost sight of on an unmarked sea of uncertainty, are like ships sent out without compass or guide with no destined port in view. There is sheer waste of time and energy in such things. The result on character of continued failure to carry out instruction, is not good. It is unfair to give instructions to a boy or a young man, and then to leave the matter of carrying out these instructions wholly to himself, without fastening to him,

as it were, some future responsibility. If no account is kept with him, he is in danger of acquiring a habit of neglect.

After this statement of general principles, let us see how they may be applied.

Beginning with the General Board: If it has been weak in the past in regard to this follow-up work, it is hoped that this will be corrected in the future. One of the chief duties of the Committee of Stake Work, recently created, is to look into the condition of the stakes, get reports from them, and make such suggestions as are required. Elder John H. Taylor's work among the M. I. A. Scouts partakes very much of the nature of follow-up work, and Elder Oscar A. Kirkham will this season devote his whole time to visiting among the stakes, carrying to them, and following up, the instructions of the General Board, and giving to the stakes and wards a practical helping hand. All this, it is hoped, will place the General Board in closer touch with the stakes and wards.

As to the stake officers, it is strongly urged that they meet as such at least once a month, when plans should be laid, reports of the Stake Board's labors should be given and propositions discussed. This meeting should be preparatory to other monthly meetings of stake and ward officers, usually held in connection with the monthly stake priesthood meeting. The subject matter presented at these meetings will vary with the seasons, as suggested by Brother Morgan. At these meetings of stake and ward officers, one of the first items of business should be to hear reports. If the month previous it was decided to carry some plan into execution, now is the time to hear how the plan is working. Praise should be given where success is evident, the failures should be noted, and the causes of the failures should be discovered; and then further instructions and help is given. These cases of failure should be kept in mind by stake officers, and if necessary, be brought up at future meetings, until they are disposed of satisfactorily. At this meeting the stake officers may get the proper information on which to base their appointments for visitations of inspection, instruction, and help.

The follow-up work will find an enlarging field in the various Mutual Improvement activities. The ERA problem, for instance, is always with us. Which of you officers have obtained the 5 per cent by sitting in an office and sending out letters only? A certain stake officer, hearing of the constant success of another stake in the matter of ERA subscriptions, decided to make a visit to the successful stake and learn the secret of success. He was welcomed by the Superintendent, and the royal road to results was explained: "This evening," said the Superintendent, "I am going to help one of the boys in the Blank Ward with his list of ERA

subscribers. We have watched him, and encouraged him for some time, but fearing for him now, I shall take a hand and help him out. Come along with us, as we call on the people individually, and see how it is done. We are simply following up our own instructions."

In the matter of the Fund it is important that the envelopes which are passed to the members are not lost track of. They should be followed as an account due, of course, always with tact and care. Conjoint session and Open Night programs are frequently arranged by the Stake Boards. There is no way of determining how successful these programs are unless there are reports on them. A checking up will be beneficial in determining what to do next. One of the Mutual Improvement fields in which a following up reveals a true, and sometimes a startling condition, in the Reading Course. An intelligent adoption of new books is hardly possible without a knowledge of what the results have been in the past. In the scout movement among the boys, there is a series of promotions from rank to rank which necessitates a close following up of the boys' doings. The literary, public speaking, and musical contests, as also those of our out-door activities which have become such a prominent and successful feature of our Mutual Improvement work, have within them the very elements of follow-up work, and the M. I. A. Day is a logical culmination of the principle. Our department of Vocations and Industries brings to us a field of usefulness where follow-up work must be done to insure any degree of success.

In any line of work we cannot intelligently provide for the future without a knowledge of past accomplishments or failures and present conditions. Definiteness in planning for the future calls for this; and so the follow-up work is closely related to every branch of M. I. A. activity all along the course.

The principles herein briefly set forth apply just as well to the work of the ward officers in their dealings with local problems. The weekly meeting of the ward officers of the Mutual are splendid clearing houses for M. I. A. work. These officers have committees to appoint and work to assign. There are class leaders to find, to assist, and to sustain. There is the work of the various departments, of ERA, of Fund, of Manuals, of Boy Scouts, etc., to supervise, and from all these, reports must be had at stated times. A following up here is of vital importance, for it is here in the wards that the M. I. A. work comes in close touch with those for whom it is provided. The machinery of the whole Mutual organization is moving to reach the boy and the young man in the ward association.

A closer and more careful attention to this follow-up work will help to place the cause of Mutual Improvement in harmony

with modern tendencies in other lines of Church work. In the Priesthood quorums, in Stake and Ward work, this principle is found to do wonders in the betterment of the work of the Church. Stake Presidencies have committees from the High Council whose duty it is to follow up and report. Bishops know the condition of their wards through the work of the ward teachers. The office of the Presiding Bishopric of the Church is now a storehouse of wonderful information regarding the Church and its activities, all obtained by a careful system of follow-up reporting. Let us in the future increase the value of our work by preventing the big leakage and waste of energy which is sure to be found where the follow-up work is neglected.

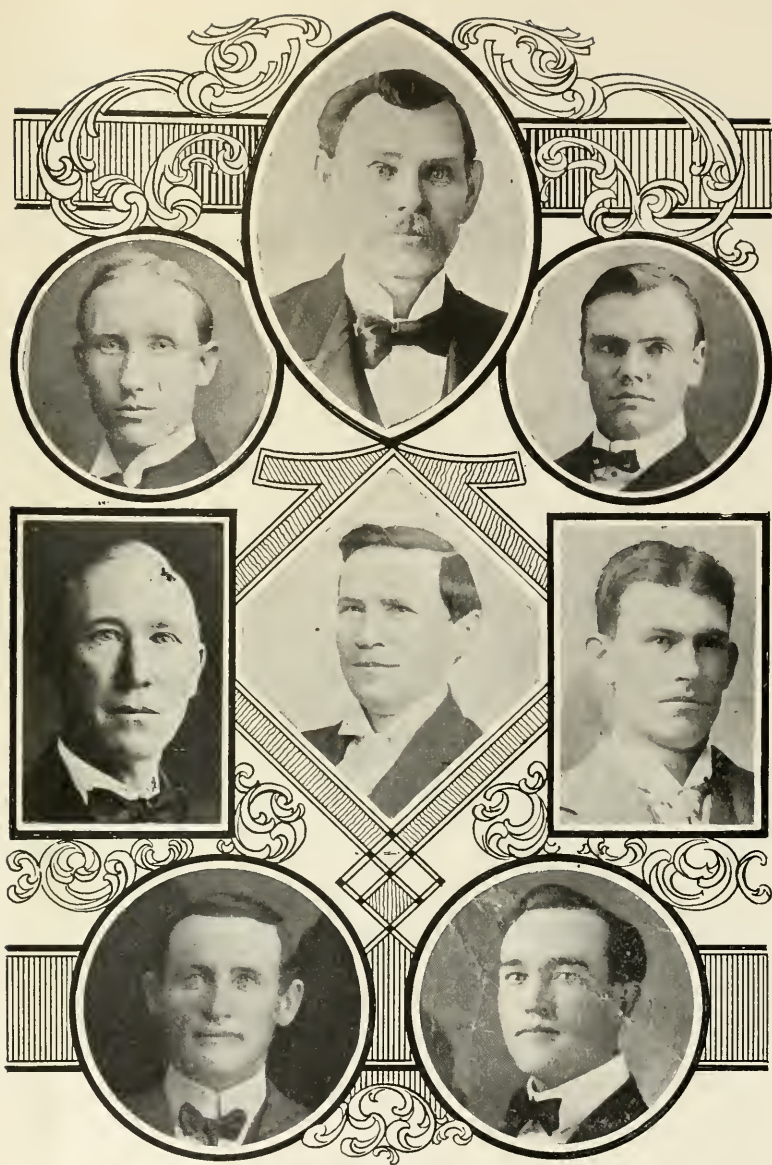


CLASS IN L. D. S. SCHOOL, KORONGATA, N. Z.

The Sabbath school of the Latter-day Saints Maori Agricultural College, at Krongata. The boys are dressed in their becoming college uniforms. Their nobby caps show to good advantage their high foreheads, and intelligent countenances. The school has been organized only two months, but thus far every officer, teacher, and pupil, has a record of 100 per cent in order, punctuality, and regularity. It is the ambition of every one to continue this excellent standard. There is a complete set of officers, and three departments, the First Intermediate, the Second Intermediate, and the Theological. The President of the college is the superintendent of the Sunday School, and two of the regular teachers are his assistants. Sister Johnson, the teacher of music, is chorister, and Miss Vivian Johnson is organist. All other officers are chosen from the student body.

The singing is good, every one, without exception, taking part. The marching has become almost perfect. A lively interest is being manifested in all the classes. We feel justly proud of our Sunday School.

Maori Agricultural College, June, 1, 1913.



STAKE SUPERINTENDENTS Y. M. M. I. A.

Top row: Albert Choules, Teton stake, Idaho; Joseph W. Smith, Snowflake stake, Ariz.; D. G. Eames, Oneida stake, Idaho. Second row: Osmond Buchanan, Blackfoot stake, Idaho; Ernest P. Horsley, Box Elder stake, Utah; Francis C. Lee, Moapa stake, Nev. Bottom row: Geo. C. Finlinson, Deseret stake, Utah; John H. Udall, St. Johns stake, Ariz.

How and What to Read*

BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR., OF THE QUORUM OF TWELVE APOSTLES
AND MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

"The very first thing to be remembered by him who would study the art of reading," wrote Mr. Charles F. Richardson, "is that nothing can take the place of personal enthusiasm and personal work. However wise may be the friendly adviser, and however full and perfect the chosen hand-book of reading, neither can do more than to stimulate and suggest. Nothing can take the place of a direct familiarity with books themselves. * * The taste for reading and the habit of reading must always be developed from within."

It is, however, within our power to guide our youth in their reading and to cultivate in their hearts a desire for good books. It is most unfortunate where a person is not possessed with the desire for good reading. The reading habit, like charity, should begin at home. It is the duty of every parent to provide in his home a library of suitable books to be at the service of the family. The library need not be large, nor the books of the most expensive binding, but there should be a well chosen variety of the most select that can be obtained. Children should be encouraged in the home to read, and instructed in the value of good books and how to discriminate between the good and the bad in literature. It is far better for a home to be thus provided where the children can be entertained with a good, wholesome story than to more than waste their time playing cards—a habit that cannot too severely be condemned—or spending their time in pool-halls or upon the streets in company of evil associates. Said Henry Ward Beecher :

"Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, augmenting the comfort of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery? We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few garish annuals on

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the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock of religious books of his 'persuasion,' and that is all. No poets, no essayists, no historians, no travel or biographies, no select fiction, no curious legendary lore. But the wall paper cost three dollars a roll, and the carpets cost four dollars a yard! Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them! Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. * * * A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life."

Not one of us is so poor but that we are able to purchase a few good books for the home. A small library of the most worthy books in this day of cheap printing, may be had for a trifling sum. There is scarcely a family in the land that does not spend for amusement, or in pleasure that could be dispensed with, a sum each year that would purchase a suitable course of reading. I have been in the habitations of some of our people where even the standard works of the Church could not be found, and these are absolutely indispensable to a Latter-day Saint home. There may be some excuse for an absence of the "commonest English classics," but there is no excuse for an absence of the standard works of the Church and the writings of our ablest authors on the principles of the Gospel.

We are trying to encourage the members of our associations in the reading of good books by recommending to them a suitable course of reading. In the past we have not met with the success our efforts merited, and just where the fault may lie, I am not prepared to say. It may be that we have failed to some extent in choosing books that were the most suitable for the requirements of our young men. Perhaps our books have not been advertised enough, or there may have been a lack of system in placing them within the reach of those for whom they were intended. The price of some may have been too high. In my opinion, other things being equal, we should choose books that are reasonable in price. If a book cost much above one dollar, our young people are not so apt to purchase it. The fault with most copyrighted books is that the publishers ask too much for them, and many feel that these books are beyond their reach. There is, however, a very large and wonderful collection of standard books from which we can make our choice. Books that have passed through the fire of criticism and time, and have been thoroughly tested, and while we are not limited to these, yet from this class of books we can make good selections. They can be obtained in popular editions at nominal expense.

I believe one reason why our books have not been better and more extensively read, is that we have not formed to any great extent, the reading habit. True, we do read the newspapers, which are quite generally most inaccurate and misleading, and some cheaper varieties of literature that require little or no thought. This kind of reading does not constitute the reading habit. If trashy books appeal to us and we reject that which requires reflection, we are injuring ourselves most seriously. "If you dislike Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' and greatly enjoy a trashy story," said Mr. Richardson, "say so with sincerity and sorrow, if occasion requires, and hope and work for a reversal of your taste."

In choosing books for our young men, we should consider more than merely supplying them with entertainment. The books they read should also furnish food for thought. It is hard work for some of us to think, and books that require thought are oftentimes considered dull and fail to stimulate the reader. The advice of Brother Howard R. Driggs should be followed in the selection of a book. Will the boys read it? Will it do them any good if they do? Books for our juniors should not be too complex for their understanding, yet should carry home a lesson that will impress the soul.

Many books have been spoiled because of too much padding. Most novels are padded with matter that does not pertain directly to the theme, and clouds the thought and destroys the efficacy of the story. Many of our present day story-writers also spoil what they write by the frequent interjection of profanity. The common use of the name of Deity in nearly every exclamation seems to them to be an essential feature to give the proper emphasis and vigor. Many books written by capable and distinguished authors have been marred in this manner. If authors were more familiar with the commandment: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain," it would greatly improve their works and help their readers in keeping this commandment. Books of this class merit censure, and where this difficulty is very marked should utterly be condemned.

Other books contain problem stories, are sensational, or deal with immoral themes. These should always be condemned. Among a certain class such books are very popular, but they corrupt the morals and appeal to the baser passions of mankind. There are other books that are perhaps free from immoral thought, as we understand that term, but are filled with vulgar slang.

One prominent writer has said: "Slang is to a people's language what an epidemic disease is to their bodily constitution; just as catching and just as inevitable in its course. Like a disease,

too, it is severest where the sanitary conditions are most neglected, where there is least culture and thought to counteract it."

A book may not be classed as bad, but we should ask ourselves if it contains any thought that will benefit us intellectually, morally, or spiritually, if we read it. I do not mean to say that a book written solely to amuse is necessarily bad and to be condemned, for some of our most worthy authors have given to the world good books of this kind, that can safely be recommended. But if the aim of a book is not uplifting or helpful to the reader it should be avoided. There are so many books that have been tried and proved to be good, that we need not waste our time with those we may consider doubtful.

"He who writes for fools," it has been said, "finds an enormous audience." The "six best sellers," advertised at times among the popular books, are not always the best. Among them we may find the sensational, vicious, and immoral, which poison the mind and destroy the soul. Many of these books are written by contract made between publisher and author at so much per word for the purpose of getting gain. To be sure, they are made attractive and filled with catchy sayings that appeal to the simple minded of that enormous class to which reference has been made. These books are like spiders' webs, built to inveigle silly flies who know no better than to be ensnared within their meshes. They are sold largely on the strength of the extensive advertising they receive, and while they may pass through several editions while the craze is on, seldom live but a few short years, and are soon dead and forgotten. Not so, however, with the mischief they can do, for the impressions on the mind for evil may endure.

Arthur Schopenhauer, a German philosopher, speaking of trashy and bad books, remarked: "Such books rob the public of time, money and attention, which ought properly to belong to good literature and noble aims; and they are written with a view merely to make money or occupation. They are, therefore, not merely useless, but injurious. Nine-tenths of our current literature has no other end but to inveigle a thaler or two out of the public pocket, for which purpose author, publisher and printer, are leagued together. Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good, never too much. The bad are intellectual poison and undermine the understanding."

Dr. James Baldwin said: "There would be fewer bad books in the world if readers were properly informed and warned of their character. And we may believe that the really vicious books would soon cease to exist if their makers and publishers were popularly regarded with the same detestation as other corrupters of the public morals."

It should be distinctly understood that perfection in a novel

can hardly be expected. Even in the best, there may appear expressions, even chapters, that we cannot recommend and the book would be greatly improved if these features were eliminated. Nevertheless the story may be one that all may read with profit, for in the main it may express the noblest sentiments and stimulate the mind with virtuous thoughts that may be turned to action. Because the hero of a story may be a tobacco fiend, and this habit spoken of with favor, as in Wright's story, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, it does not follow that we, in recommending the book, endorse the use of that filthy weed by our young men. We should understand that the view-point of the Latter-day Saint is higher than that of one not educated in the truth as we have been. And what one may consider a virtue, or un sinful, in the world, to us may be a serious error. We must, therefore, make due allowance for the opinions and expressions of others not of our faith.

In recommending books the General Board does not, and cannot, endorse all that they contain, and yet we may declare the book is good. When we read we should use our good judgment and learn to discriminate, accepting the good and casting away that which is evil.

Coleridge has said: "Some readers are like the hourglass—their reading is as the sand. It runs out, but leaves no vestige behind. Some, like a sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier. Some like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who, casting away all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gems." Let us then, preserve the gems of thought as we may obtain them.

Desultory reading as a habit is not good. Such reading impairs the power of thought and is enervating to the mind. Reading should be done systematically. Reading that requires study and reflection should not be done in haste. It is better to read a little and understand it than to read a great deal without getting the thought. We sometimes hear the complaint: "I haven't time." But we all have time to read and study which is our solemn duty. Can we not arrange to find at least fifteen minutes in each day to devote to systematic reading and reflection? This would be but a trifling amount of time, yet it would be one hour and forty-five minutes in a week; seven and one-half hours in a month of thirty days, and ninety-one hours and a quarter in the year. This is equal to eleven and one-half days of eight hours each during the entire year. I am sure we can all find more time than that to read, yet this amount is all Dr. Eliot felt was necessary for a man to spend to receive the "essentials of a liberal education" from his recommended five-foot shelf of books.

I have presented here a few of the many reasons why the M. I. A. General Board is recommending, each season, a reading course for the benefit of our youth. It is with the desire to encourage them in good reading, to increase their knowledge, faith and perseverance, in that which is good and true. Very few among us read too much; most of us read too little. The Lord has said: "And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom, seek learning even by study and also by faith."

What system we shall adopt to get our books read is an important question. We must, of course, reach the hearts of our boys and interest them, or we shall fail. Public readings, if they are presented by capable persons, and well done, will help to stimulate our boys to action. Book reviews in our open night programs, or in some public gathering will help. The presentation—if capably done—of some interesting portion of the book, may create an interest in their minds. In our story-telling the subjects might be taken from the books of our reading course.

Reading clubs might be organized with profit. The young men could meet at some selected time and place and one could read while the others listen. There is virtue in reading aloud; let each boy take a turn. It will teach them to read well, to think more clearly, and to properly pronounce their words. It trains the ear as well as the eye, and then, there is the social intercourse and exchange of ideas, which is a benefit to them. This, of course, must be done under the direction of some responsible person connected with the Mutual work. When a book is read, all who were present at the reading should have credit as having read the book. There is a verse in the 8th chapter of Nehemiah that has a bearing on this subject. When the Jews returned from the Captivity we read that the people were called together and Ezra and the Priests stood before them to instruct them. This is the passage: "So they read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." This verse is a perfect treatise in a sentence of the art of reading aloud. Let our young men remember the passage in their reading. See that the books of the reading course are placed in your public libraries and reading rooms. A number of young men forming a reading club, may purchase the entire set among them, and the expense will not be very great. It would be well for each home to secure the reading course, and that each association also be provided with a set.

The General Board invites the officers and members of the Associations to recommend good books for our reading course. Send the name of the author and the title of the book, with such

other remarks as may be necessary to Secretary SNOW at the ERA office.

The reading course work should be placed under the supervision of one or more capable persons in the stake and in the wards. They should devise means to get the books read by the members of the associations and should keep a record of the work that is being done. Reports from the associations to the officers of the stake should be regularly made. It would not be amiss if the work of the reading course were placed in the hands of a committee of two or three, instead of one. If this work lags in any particular ward, special efforts by the committee should be made in that direction. Officers of the associations should use their initiative and think out schemes and devise ways and means by which the books of the reading course may be placed in the hands of the members of the associations and then see that they are read.

Myself

Today I fight with a wily foe,
And he has the strength of ten;
He's conquered me a thousand times,
But I'll wage the fight again.
His blade is keen, his thrust is true,
His way is cunning stealth;
The chances are he'll run me through—
I am that foe, myself.

Today I walk with a genial friend,
Our souls will sweet commune;
I'll tell him all my secret hopes
From morn till highest noon;
Then we'll move on till eventide;
A boon, my dearest wealth,
To have him ever at my side—
I am that friend, myself.

LOUIS W. LARSEN.

RICHMOND, UTAH.

M. I. A. Contest Work

BY OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

Life is a series of contests. The best in nearly every line of work is the result of some form of competition. To call our young people to prepare some work out of a sense of duty is not always enough to bring forth their best; but when asked to join in a friendly contest, their personal pride at stake, they put forth their best efforts, and splendid results are the outcome.

In a ward where this work has been tried, a young man, after having seen his friends performing, said: "Well now, I believe I can do as well as that," and soon they found new material coming forth. In some instances young people have been invited to prepare some line of work, the officers desiring that the ward might be represented well in the district, and they who have never appeared before the public, come now into prominence, and do themselves and the ward proud by their splendid work.

The gospel is broad in its scope, including every line of noble endeavor. We are not all inclined toward spiritual work, but the literary, musical and other lines may appeal to us. Why not develop these, and perhaps some day we'll find ourselves longing for the greater and nobler work,—the spiritual.

I know of a quartet of male voices, young men who used to roam the streets of one of our country towns singing songs of a light and frivolous nature who, I believe, never would have responded to prepare a quartet number out of a sense of duty, but when told that the ward wanted them to represent it in a friendly contest, they at once sought instruction, and turned their splendid power into this work, and won for themselves and their friends first place in the stake contest. They are now singing in the Sunday evening services and blessing the people with their beautiful music which was once light and frivolous and wasted on the midnight air.

One young man, I remember in particular, who had never given the public the benefit of his ability, though he had attended the auxiliary organizations, was asked to join in a ward contest, and to prepare a ten-minute address on "Education in Utah." He did so well that he surprised his friends. One remarked: "That was fine! I didn't know he could do anything like that." I happened to be sitting by the bishop who remarked: "Well, well, that boy will make a splendid public speaker."

Perhaps the greatest difficulty in all the contest work is to learn the great lesson to be good losers as well as good winners. Here is where the officers must play their parts well. They should have definite, detailed understanding, after the work has

been carefully discussed. The material, the rules, etc., should be written and placed in the hands of all contestants. Then the officers, both stake and ward, should uphold the decision, never bending the rules in order to favor their particular friends. The thought should be kept before the young people that the real victory comes through splendid preparation and growth. The decision of the judges always should be taken without question, and they should remember that the decision is only the necessary ending of the work.

Being a good loser: that is one of life's best lessons. Why not learn the lesson among our friends? It requires considerable strength of character to come up smiling when, after a long period of preparation, the decision goes against you; but a great life-lesson has been learned and a great winning power has been acquired by those who can thus meet such decision. Let us not forget that in splendid preparation the greatest victory is won—intellectual growth. The answer to a problem is not the most important thing, but the many hours spent in working over that problem, the splendid growth that comes as a result of concentration,—these are the things worth while.



WASATCH STAKE LADIES' QUARTET

Winners of first place in final contest, June Conference.

At a recent outing of M. I. A. scouts, part of the daily program consisted of a large campfire-meeting, when stories were told and old familiar songs were sung. At first, the singing was fairly successful, but no one knew that there was special ability in camp until one evening the company was divided in a friendly contest. A neighboring farmer, his son and his daughter-in-law were chosen judges. The song selected was the "Star

Spangled Banner." They had sung this before, but now, when every young lad with all his young life and vigor was called upon to do his best, the result was really an inspiration.

Let the great work of the Mutual Improvement find new strength in these friendly M. I. A. contests! As officers let us do our part in keeping alive this movement which demands the best from our boys and girls, so that as our June Conferences come and the grand finals are given, we shall have intellectual contests that may be the pride of any people in the world.

We publish herewith the list of contestants, the titles of their numbers, and the stakes represented at the grand finals of the late annual June Conference. All who entered had won first place in their stake contests:

STORY-TELLING

- Jane Rawlinson, Deseret stake, "The Prophecy."
 Inez Bird, South Davis stake, "A Character Sketch."
 Cora H. Flinders, Juab stake, "The Great Stone Face."
 Hattie Johnson, Oneida stake, "Michael Strogoff, A Courier of the Czar."
 Mrs. Thurza T. Adams, Bear River stake, "The Great Stone Face."
 *Claude Cornwall, Granite stake, "The Whirligig of Life."
 Afton Young, Liberty stake, "Jonnie's Thanksgiving."
 Lisle Lindsay, Wasatch stake, "Theodocia's Pearls."
 Wilde Dixon, Nebo stake, "The Other Wise Man."
 Jean Clark, Morgan stake, "The Last Game."
 Myrl Brugger, Sevier stake, "Love's Sacrifice."
 Mabel Clark, Maricopa stake, "Laddie."

ORATORY

- Mrs. Mark Reynolds, Utah stake, "Religious Freedom."
 Mr. Hilton, South Davis stake, "Young Men of Utah."
 J. Lyman Smith, Cassia stake, "The Problem of the American Home."
 George W. Hanks, Panguitch stake, "International Arbitration."
 Joseph S. Fish, Snowflake stake, "The Debt We Owe."
 Stayner Richards, Granite Stake, "Loyalty."
 *Axel A. Madsen, Liberty stake, "Our Conception of Life."
 George Baird, Box Elder stake, "The Pioneer."
 Lethe Coleman, Wasatch stake, "Utah."
 N. E. Dahl, Nebo stake, "Life of Christ."

MALE QUARTET

- Liberty stake, "In Absence," Dudley Buck.
 *Salt Lake stake, "The Woodland Rose," Parks.
 South Davis stake, "The Woodland Rose," Parks.

LADIES' QUARTET

- Juab stake, "Pale in the Amber West," Parks.
 Oneida stake, "Daddy," Parks.
 Star Valley stake, "Dawn of Day," Stephens.
 Liberty stake, "Lady Pioneer," Stephens.
 Nebo stake, "Pale in the Amber West," Parks.
 *Wasatch stake, "Annie Laurie," Parks.

*Winners of first place.



STAKE SUPERINTENDENTS Y. M. M. I. A.

Top row: James Gunn McKay, Ogden stake; Clarence Johnson, Duchesne stake; William Evans, Young stake. Center row: Edward P. Lyman, San Juan stake; Pontha Calder, Uintah stake; J. Walter Lowe, Alberta (Canada) stake. Bottom: Edward H. Hale, Cassia (Idaho) stake; Mark H. Brimhall, Taylor (Canada) stake.



THE CORRAL BARS

Voice of the Intangible

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN

Chapter XII—With Nerve and Tissue

One year after the starvation trip, the Rojer outfit crossed Castle Hill with a big string of fat horses, and passed over the sand-hills, through the waving grass and flowers towards the lake. A good year had followed the dry season.

The round-up bade fair to be peaceful and prosperous, and really it was both till after the first day's ride at Pagahrit. Even then, Ben saw no real hostilities, but when Widder came to camp in the afternoon, he bore, on his bald head, the same fresh marks and brands that had figured so wholesomely on the homeward drive a year and a half before. He hastened to explain that old Pancho had stumbled down a bank into some rocks and brush; but Jud, who had been with him all day, took no notice of the report, and plainly Fred Rojer didn't believe a word of it.

In the evening Ben heard his father and Hiles talking at the corral:

"I sure hate it," affirmed the latter, "I guess I'm too quick, but when I ketch a man right in the act, I can't keep my hands off of 'im."

"Violence is generally bad," observed the other.

"I know it," put in Jud remorsefully, "I'm ashamed of them marks on 'im, but—"

Eaves-dropping never had charms for Ben, and walking

straight ahead, he lost track of the conversation in the middle of Jud's sentence.

Next morning Widder asked that everything bearing his brand should be brought to the pasture, and later in the day, when the two rode alone, Fred Rojer explained to Ben, that Josh intended to take his cattle away from the Pagahrit to stay. The father made no comment whatever, and the news struck Ben as being "mighty welcome." Later on, however, when he thought it over alone in his cave, he surprised himself with a genuine sense of regret that their companion of all these years should go away forever. Widder was so stupid and so unfortunate; he would make enemies wherever he went; they would disfigure his face, and rejoice at his afflictions, and no friend would he win among them because, poor fellow, he had no winning ways.

Josh found no heart on that trip to voice his only song, nor did he ever sing it again in Ben's hearing. He sat quietly by the fire, his scarred face and head presenting a beaten and humbled appearance; and young Rojer, while he watched, forgot old Bowse and the mavericks, the blue mule and the last mess of rice, and felt only pity from day to day for the silent, crestfallen, flesh-laden man, whose cattle came in with each day's gather to return no more to the sand-hills.

On this round-up, as on others at Pagahrit, the increasing number of cattle in the pasture, made it a poor place for the horses, and it became necessary to let them graze below camp on the wire-grass by the lake-shore. This arrangement was never without risk in the spring of the year, for the old ponies might at any time depart without warning, for the grass at Peavine Spring. To forestall this possible calamity, an "emergency horse" was kept always above the fence, or tied to a tree in camp.

One afternoon with the branding finished, and the cattle seeking shade and food among the black-willows of the pasture, all hands made for camp and the pot of beef that had hung over a slow fire since breakfast. Flossy was to be emergency horse till morning, and when the others drew their laragos and turned loose, Ben threw the pacing mare's reins over a limb, took the meat from the fire, brought out the bread and the spoons, and after placing a half-sack of oats conveniently in the shade for his father's chair, sank cross-legged beside the frugal spread with his back against a tree.

The bay mare pawed the earth and whinnied, and wormed and twisted like a captive lizard,—for some of the horses could be seen by the lake below, and she fairly itched to join them. When the four beef-eaters had laid the foundation of a square meal, a gust of wind fluttered a newspaper out of the panniers, and carried it directly under Flossy's fidgety nose. That settled

it. She wanted no better excuse to snap the reins and "burn the earth" down the canyon.

The outfit, spoon in hand, watched the cloud of dust rise up behind her, till Hiles sprang breathless to his feet: "We're a-foot, by gum!" he snorted. No two ways about it—every horse had disappeared, and a mountain of dust drifted out over the lake. Widder sat nonplussed, as if suddenly aware of his helpless burden of flesh; and he of the buckskin shirt hesitated, for once, in sharp uncertainty.

By some mysterious instinct, all eyes turned to Ben—he was slender, and nimble, and quick—it was just a mile over the cut-off, and no one could cover that mile so quickly as he. Excitement reigned. Every one of those horses longed for the mountain, and would stop short of nothing below the tall timber, sixty-five miles away. Young Rojer turned to his father with quick inquiry.

"Yes, you better go," decided Fred Rojer, "you're more likely than any of us to make it."

Leaving the words unfinished on the bearded lips, Ben snatched a bridle and clambered up the smooth rock, clinging with his hands to keep from slipping back. From the top of the rock he took a lively trot for the little pass, through which the horses would find exit from the gulch. After all, how long that mile,—how heavy the sand,—how hot the sun.

When he staggered breathless and hot into the pass, behold the trail ploughed and scarred with violent hoof-marks. "By George! they're gone," he gasped, "but maybe they'll stop to graze on the sand grass." A change of grass is quite sure to possess momentary change for horses, even in the spring-time.

He labored on through the soft sand and over the solid rock,—looking anxiously ahead from every hill-top,—noting the fresh appearance of the tracks, and feeling sure those brutes would stop to eat, and give him a fighting chance. And all the time he got farther and farther out into the burning desert,—the silent, blistered desert of the Pagahrit. His lungs smarted and burned. His clothes hung heavy with perspiration, and his feet felt half cooked in his boots by the hot sand.

By four o'clock he had walked and run a big seven miles, and that foundation of a dinner had melted away under the strain. Faint and trembling he reached the top of a rock-knoll, and half fell to a sitting posture. The damp of despair began to rise in his throbbing soul, when the whole bunch of horses moved slowly out of a sand-hollow, scarcely half a mile ahead.

That sight lent strength to his weary limbs,—strength for at least one more good run. Beginning with a feeble trot, he chose his course behind a little hill. His high-heeled boots sank into the sand, and hindered his flight like a clog. Worse still, a blister

developed on one foot, and a fever of thirst began to burn in his palate. No difference, a hundred yards would find him in front of those run-aways, at least he thought so, and puffed and panted towards the coveted goal, while the joy of anticipated victory, hung like the apples of Tantalus above him.

From the place of elevation he had toiled so tenaciously to reach, he saw the horses disappear over a ridge a mile to the east. Flossy seemed to have the saddle dangling under her body; her effort to roll had probably resulted in another stampede.

Muttering dejectedly to himself, Ben wiped his face with a great red handkerchief, and dropped himself in a heap. The hills by the lake were now enveloped in the haze of distance. A vast wilderness looked up from all around, a wilderness whose wide stretch of sand and rock could never be appreciated by a man on a good horse. In fact, Ben himself had ridden like an Arab over them but two days before, and been impressed with nothing but the interest of the chase. How different now! The heat-legions danced their exultation on the gray rock-knolls and sand-hills, for the racing, thoughtless horseman dragged himself up and down their heated slopes, painfully respectful of every foot in their magnificent size.

Young Rojer looked back again: it was a long way to the lake, and farther still to any other water. Then he thought of the herd in the pasture where the feed grew shorter every day; of the worth of that herd, and the irreparable loss which must follow their being left for the summer on the already overstocked range. He thought of his father's poverty and debts, and then of the eight long miles advantage which made the task his own by virtue of all sound reason.

But his aching limbs and blistered feet—was he in spite of them “more likely than any one else to make the raffle?”

“Go on, son,” a familiar voice seemed to say, “I’ve always believed you would be a man, and what’s a man but a boy with grit to do manly things? If you come back it will be failure and loss; if you go on it will be doing your best, and real men can do no more.”

Somewhere in young Rojer's weary soul these words found ears, or at least something similar enough to register the thought, though the desert was still—painfully still; the hush of a dry solitude mocked at the toil of living things. Ben recalled again the kind image of the bearded face, and half sobbing with love and pain, limped down the east slope of the hill and took up the trail again. He would run no more. His steps should be taken carefully and wisely, and his failing power reserved for a mighty task.

On he plodded, step after step with torturing regularity, till he reached the slope of Castle Hill, with the glory of a desert sun-

set blazing up behind him. Never since he first crossed that hill on the stripe-legged pony had the trail been so full of crooks and turns and steep pitches between the hill-base and the summit. On the very top, as if to mark the fifteenth milestone, or declare a rest, the saddle, scarred and torn, stretched its bedraggled cinches and laragos across the hoof-marked trail.

Young Rojer glanced anxiously down the slope towards Castle Wash, but a flame of torture in his boots claimed some sort of attention before another step. Sinking on the saddle, he raised one foot to the opposite knee, took the offending foot-gear by the heel and the toe and tried to remove it. It had laid hold of his very nerves, and refused to slip a sixteenth of an inch; moreover, it bit with new vengeance for being disturbed. He tried the other boot with the same result. His feet seemed to be literally boiled free of all skin below the ankles. He looked forlornly from one to the other, and held them from the ground to soothe his lip-quivering torment.

With two minutes' rest he became a cripple; crippled and helpless and tortured with thirst. His shrunken, gluey tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and his throat felt dry and parched like a chico spot in an alkali field. It was not a step less than seven miles to Green-water, and the horses had no doubt passed there hours ago. Possibly they strung down over Clay Hill even down—possibly—possibly. Ben saw his own withered corpse beside the trail in the desert beyond the hill, for he had fallen asleep, or, had he begun to go mad with thirst?

Whatever it was, it jarred him back to rational thought and rekindled the fire in his boots. He became aware that he grew more stiff and helpless and sore every minute. What would Jud do if he were here? He would grit his teeth and make the foot of the hill even though he had to roll all the way.

Young Rojer started resolutely up, and fell back with a groan. Then he glared desperately into the dusk around, plunged a hand in his pocket, took out his knife, and cut both boots from the top to the toe, going carefully and slow, however, along the side of his foot.

From the uppers of those boots, he improvised a pair of rude moccasins, bound them on over his socks, which seemed to be mixed up with and grown into the outer rind of his foot, and limped on down the hill to Castle Wash. On and on up that dry water-way, he trudged alone in the darkness, hearing no sound but the painful foot-falls of his moccasined feet, or the dismal echoing wail of a coyote.

Sometimes he wondered if he had gone mad, and half dreaming as he walked, it became difficult to straighten out the story of the stampede, and the apples of Tantalus which had hung above

him ever since. Sometimes he fancied his father or Jud walked beside him, and every so often he found it necessary to count himself, to be sure the chase went forward still in good order.

A part of that killing distance between the hill and Green-water, he must have covered unconsciously, for he recollects only half of it now. He recalls that once in the darkness he stumbled and fell to his knees, and before trying to rise he prayed aloud for success, and promised to go as long as he could crawl if that would bring it to him. He remembers first seeing the little pond in the star-light,—how he half crept to its shore and saw his re-



ON THE SAND HILLS OF SAN JUAN
"Less ambitious than a Mexican's burro."

flection like a wild man looking up from the green bottom. He remembers how he drank a few careful swallows, and dragged himself away, and how he lay there half dreaming and more dead than alive, listening to the low thump, thump of his breast; a motion accompanied by dull throbbing pain in his shapeless moccasins. That throbbing sound, coming home with a blow from each beat to his weary senses, seemed some way to conspire with the still voices of the night, and say to his sleepy ears: "One chance, East Fork, East Fork, East Fork, one chance, East Fork," as if someone stood over him saying it, and beating time with the dry stalk of a yucca.

It would be difficult to distinguish between "one chance," and ordinary night-mare, only that the former admitted of no real sleep, and when it had given Ben Rojer sufficient time to take a good drink without danger of sickness or harm, it spurred him on above Green-water towards the mouth of East Fork.

His stiff boot-soles had fended his feet from sharp stones as far as Castle Hill, but since then every blister had been broken, and the cutis had been cut and bruised like a Pahute cayuse's back, after a special ride for a medicine-man.

Upper Castle Gulch is called East Fork, and its lower half, Castle Wash. The name *Castle*, came from an old ruined castle in a cave above Green-water. The trail to Clay Hill follows a side-canyon, which opens into Castle Gulch at right angles, and in such a way as to be often missed by man and beast, even though they know the country; and no trail leads up over the walls of East Fork. Ben knew that; he had seen cattle and horses a dozen times go into the head-narrows of that fork, and think themselves on the way to Elk Mountain. That fact had been poured like seasoning into his night-mare philosophy, and stimulated him to make the mouth of the fork before indulging in sleep.

Sometime, indefinitely before morning, he staggered into the opening of Clay Hill canyon, and dropped himself in a heap on the sand. He would seize the chance if one were left, or die in despair if it weren't, for he felt himself near the end of his strength, like the fleeing fawn ready to die in its tracks.

He fell asleep. Bridle in hand he lost account of all things, even the moccasins glued by his blood to his feet, nor knew again that the world moved, or that time and space were defined, till the trample of hoofs startled him afresh with pain and consciousness. The sun had risen above the cliffs, the horses had come down from East Fork and were shying around him on the trot. When he scrambled up, it frightened them and they went the faster, while he, more on his hands than his feet, tried in desperation to cut off the last four. He called, "Whoa boy, whoa," and pleaded as with tears to induce them to stop, but frightened half into a fit by his stooping, crawling position, they climbed frantically among the big rocks of the side-hill to avoid him.

Flossy and Pancho and Peshont flew past, in eager pursuit of those already ahead, and old Bill came up determined to follow. In this stage of excitement, with the prospect of Bill or nothing, young Rojer forgot his pain and ran with all possible speed. He ran in vain. The old gray, in his fright, leaped a rock and made good his escape.

Ben dropped on the sand with a tear of pain, and a muttered curse of bitter disappointment. Let us forgive that curse, and whatever he may have added to it when he saw the blood oozing from a fold in his moccasin, and felt himself grow sick with despair.

Then the whinney of a horse broke on his ears, like the song of an angel; for old Buck, sleepy with age and always lazy and

stiff, had fallen behind in East Fork, and came now on a pegging jog, calling lonesomely for his fellow-deserters.

"Well bless your ugly old picture," coughed Ben, and resolved to stand straight up and capture the old pack-horse, though it should cut his moccasined feet to the very bone. But Buck surrendered with churn-headed meekness, the bridle went on, and young Rojer followed it.

Oh the glorious feel of a strong horse's muscular back, though he be less dashing than a civilized cow, and less ambitious than a Mexican's burro. Of course, Buck could trot, and did trot at times, and oh! those times; the ups and downs of his gait were as regular and smooth as the stakes in a bull-fence. But he headed the whole bunch before they started down Clay Hill trail, and carried Ben triumphantly behind them down Castle Gulch, and up to the saddle on Castle Hill. That piece of bedraggled furniture came too late to prevent more blisters on horse and rider, but it was a huge element of comfort, despite Ben's agony of soles while putting it on.

At the foot of the hill he found the saddle-blankets, and at the same time discovered his father waiting alone on a rock beside the trail. Young Rojer looked at that dear, familiar form, considered the hot sun beating down upon him, and the anxiety of soul he must have suffered during the night; and then he looked at the shapeless, leathern bandages concealing his own lacerated feet, took stock of his faint, hungry, aching, self, so near ready to collapse with exhaustion, and felt at the fountain-head of tears, deep in his soul, a sweet tremor of love and joy and exultation.

When Ben rode up, Fred Rojer slid down from his rock, looked at the moccasined feet, and the sanded stains of dry blood upon them, noted the sleepless eyes and the pinched face with its story of terrible effort, and took one of Ben's hands in both of his own. I may not write here for the amusement of strangers the sacred communion of those two souls, for their spirits were moved with feeling even to tears, and "thought leaped out to wed with thought, ere thought could wed itself with speech."

Fred Rojer's warm, fatherly love, felt the keen pangs of hunger and thirst that preyed on his son, and he knew without words how those feet would hurt if touched to the ground. Putting his arms around the youthful frame, he lifted him from the saddle to a shelf-like seat on the rock. "You're the same little boy I used to carry," he said, tenderly, regardless of the brawn and tan and growth of intervening years, "I loved you then as a special, sacred trust, and I hoped you would become a man worth while; and now I love you more because you do manly things. We're a long way from the busy places of men, son, this is a howling wilderness,—but right here we're meeting the great test of our immortal

manhood. The way you've brought these horses back, is worth more to me than all the steers I've driven over Castle Hill."

Then he brought a canteen of water and a lunch-sack from under a shady ledge of the rock, and listened to the whole story while Ben ate and drank. "How is it you walked these fourteen miles?" asked Ben, when they had discussed the stampede and recapture. "Jud ought to've made this walk."

"He wanted to come, but I felt more like walking than waiting;—I was anxious to know about you."

At two o'clock, when Ben and his father brought the horses into camp, Jud's crow-feet stretched half way back to his ears. "Yu jest kep' a hangin' an' a rattlin'," he began in hearty, firm-jawed compliment, "I knew yu had the sand."

Josh came up and offered his huge hand, an action as awkward as it was unusual. "You're allright, Ben," he added in a subdued voice, and his battered face referred in some strange way, to the boy's kindly service of that rainy night on the Elk. At least young Rojer took it that way, and felt that Josh was a better man; and why should he not be better, since his head had been fixed four times?—twice by Jud, once by Montana, and once by a surgeon in Durango.

Four days later, when the herd strung out from the lake towards Castle Hill, Ben found himself but little the worse for having "hoofed it" to Castle Gulch. Of course he had no boots,—no foot-gear but those bandage-like moccasins.

Towards the end of the drive, when Josh cut his cattle out of the bunch, preparatory to following another trail to a new range, he shook hands with Fred Rojer and Ben, and more remarkable still, with Jud. But the two men were not friends,—the bull-terrier eyes glared their dislike at the crow-feet; and the crow-feet showed a firm-jawed willingness to let the matter stand as it looked. The one said, "Adios," the other, "Be goo tu yer-self."

"I hope you're not leaving with hard feelings towards any of us," remarked Fred Rojer.

"Don't you feel hard towards me?" asked Widder.

"Not at all."

For a few seconds the black eyes looked down in confusion. "I'm glad tu hear it," he stammered, at length, and reined Pancho into the trail that led forever from Pagahrit.

"Don't you pity him, Pa?" asked Ben as soon as the two were alone.

"Yes, son, I've always pitied him, and now I pity him more than ever."

"Don't you think he'll straighten up and be a better man after this?"

"He may try, but it's a hard matter for a man of his age to straighten out the kind of a life he has lived."

"Why wouldn't he say he had no hard feelings?"

"Here's a principle I want you to remember always," said Fred Rojer. "The man who injures another, can't feel just right till that injury is corrected. Josh's feelings are touched a little, but he isn't converted, and after he's been away from us a while, he'll be as rank as ever. But son, I've never injured him, and I cherish no ill-will at all. I've been tied up with him a long, long time, and been robbed and tormented till I thought I'd burst with anger, but I've endured it thus far, and if the Lord is willing to call it enough, and let him go his way in peace, I'll offer no objections."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

God's Purposes

The tiniest flower within the glen,
Though trembling in the summer air,
Plays its own part in God's great plan,
And blooms to make the world more fair.

The rippling brooklet sings its way
Adown the hill across the lea,
To find the more majestic stream,
And swell the ocean's symphony.

The sweeping plain, the mighty hills,
The rolling landscape, verdure clad,
The woodlands outlined 'gainst the sky,
Were formed to make His children glad,

And turn them from the sinful road,
Where many human wrecks are found,
To walk the path of noble deeds
Where love and joy and peace abound.

RUTH M. FOX.

The Gospel to the Lamanites

BY REY L. PRATT, PRESIDENT OF THE MEXICAN MISSION.

XVI—*Who is to Carry the Restored Gospel to the Lamanites?*

Now, taking it for granted that we, those who have joined the Church from among the Gentile nations, are those whom the prophets foretold would receive the fulness of the gospel in the latter days, is it too much to suppose that we are also those seen and mentioned by the Prophet Nephi when he said:

“And now I would prophesy somewhat more concerning the Jews and the Gentiles. For after the book of which I have spoken shall come forth, and be written unto the Gentiles, and sealed up again unto the Lord, *there shall be many which shall believe the words which are written; and they shall carry them forth unto the remnant of our seed?*”

And if we are those who should believe the word which was to be written, and who should carry it forth unto the seed of those who wrote it, I ask, why are there so many of us who are averse to doing the Father's work among the Lamanites? Why so many young men among us who, when the subject is mentioned to them of taking a mission to Mexico, for instance, where millions of the remnant of the seed of Nephi dwell, say: “O let me go anywhere except to *Mexico*; I wish to go to a country that is civilized, and come in contact with people where I can gain education and polish?” And why will so many parents who say to their sons and to the sons of other parents, who are called to fill missions to the Lamanites, “I would prefer to have my son go anywhere rather than to Mexico,” or, “If I were you, I would ask to have my mission changed, because you will never come in contact with anyone but savages where you are going.”

Do these conditions exist, perchance, because we do not believe in the words of the Book that has been written? Or is it that we do not have full faith in the prophecies contained in the Book, referring to the redemption of this branch of the covenant people of the Lord? Or is it that we believe in these things only in an abstract way, and lull ourselves to sleep with the thought that the Lord will do his work in his own way, and that in no way can we be among those who are supposed to take part in this work, supposing that the Lord has reserved, to bring forth at some future time, some other special men whom he will call upon to do this work?

Whatever the cause, the feelings described exist in the minds of far too many of the members of the Church, and in my mind they are thoughts and feelings that should have no place in the hearts of Latter-day Saints.

I have heard men say, who profess a good standing in the Church, that they doubt if the gospel will ever be able to bring about the redemption of this people. And I have had others say to me: "Do you not wish that your work was among a civilized people who could appreciate the gospel message you carry to them? How is it that you can content yourself to spend the best years of your life among that dark and benighted people, who are too low and degraded to ever be raised above the condition in which they now live?"

Young men have come into this mission who say that before they came relatives and friends brought to bear every influence possible to get them to strive to have their missions changed to some field of labor where civilized people live, and others have come down here with such a preoccupied idea and prejudice against this people that it takes months for them to become wholly converted to the work that they themselves came out to do: a work of redemption among the Lamanites.

I have heard men say that they would like to see about nine-tenths more of the Lamanites killed off, and that then the Lord might be able to do something with the rest of them.

Why should such feelings exist in the hearts of Latter-day Saints? It seems to me that we, of all people, with the great knowledge we possess in regard to this people, should be the most tolerant towards them in their fallen condition, and be, not only willing, but anxious to work for their uplift and redemption. They are what they are because of their own wickedness and that of their forefathers, and because of the curse that the Lord has permitted to come upon them in consequence of those sins, but the same God who has permitted them to become what they are still claims them as his covenant people, and he has said that he would remember them in mercy and restore them from their fallen condition. And, furthermore, he has said that he would use us, those of the Gentiles who have come to a knowledge of his true gospel, and who believe in the words of the Book which is a history of this very people, as instruments in his hands to carry the gospel to them and to bring about the restoration of which he has spoken. Who are we, if we believe as we profess, to say that we will not, or that we do not wish to take part in this work; or to counsel the Lord when this work should begin or be done? Those who do so are only sitting in their own light.

It is not my desire to try to show that the work of the Lord and the preaching of the gospel among the Lamanites is any

greater than the work of the Lord and the preaching of the gospel among any other people, but it is my desire to show that it is *all* the Lord's work, and that this part of it is as important as any other part. And the Lord will, indeed, do his work in his own way, and if we do not avail ourselves of the great privilege of being instruments in his hands in helping to bring about his righteous purposes, he will find others who will, and we shall find that we have let pass by the grandest privileges of our lives.

I firmly believe in the words of the Savior when he said: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in *all the world* for a witness unto *all nations*; then shall the end come."

The gospel is, as Paul says, "The power of God unto salvation, unto *every one that believeth*; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." And the work of carrying it unto all nations and unto every creature, rests with us, we who have come to a knowledge of it; and I maintain that a mission to the Japanese is as honorable and as necessary as one to the European nations, and a mission to Mexico, Central America, South America, or the islands of the sea, where a remnant of the seed of Lehi dwell, is as honorable, and as much to be desired, as a mission to the Eastern, Central, or Western States, of the United States.

Are not the people of all these lands, and as for that, of all the lands of the earth, the children of our Father in heaven? And have they not all an equal chance to the saving powers of his holy gospel, in as far as they yield obedience to it? And is not the promise of the Lord extended unto them which says: "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved?" and the thought occurs, as occurred to Paul of old: "How then shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? as it is written, 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!'"

I ask the question: How are the Lamanites to call upon the true Christ in whom they have not believed? And how are they to learn to believe in him, if he is not taught unto them? How is the gospel to bring about the restoration and redemption of the covenant people of the Lord, who sit in darkness, if it is not carried and taught unto them by those who have a knowledge of it? Beautiful, indeed, in the eyes of those who are redeemed, will be the feet of those who bring unto them the gospel of peace and redemption, and the glad tidings of good things.

It seems that of old the apostles chosen by the Savior had a similar idea to that possessed by many of our people in the Church today. They believed, then, that the gospel of the Savior was

only to the Jews,, as many of our people believe that the gospel today is only to the so-called enlightened nations of the world.

Peter, the chief apostle, had to receive a vision from the Lord, in which he was commanded not to call common or unclean that which the Lord had cleansed, to prepare him to go unto Cornelius, a Gentile, and teach and administer unto him the ordinances of the gospel; and so great was the impression made upon Peter by this vision, and the rehearsal of a vision that this same man Cornelius had received, that he exclaimed: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in *every nation* he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." The same is true in our day, and of whatever nation, he that will fear the Lord and work righteousness is accepted with him.

Not simply because the Lamanites are a covenant people of the Lord can it be expected that the Lord is going to redeem them without any effort on their part. No; he intends that they shall be redeemed through obedience to the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation unto all men, and for that reason he has willed that it should be carried and taught unto them by us, who have been so favored as to receive it in all of its restored purity. And rather than a duty it is a great privilege we have in being able to participate in this great and glorious work of redemption.

XVII—Conclusion

As has been said in this article, the work of the Lord among the Lamanites has been going on ever since the Church was organized. In the year 1879, a mission of the Church was opened up in the republic of Mexico, which is a nation composed almost wholly of Lamanites or a mixture of Lamanitish blood; and at the present time the gospel is being preached with great success among the inhabitants of that land. Many hundreds of the natives have accepted the truth, and are living in strict accordance with the principles of the gospel, and the gospel is doing for them just what it is doing for any other people who accept and live it. The work is at present being carried on by only a few missionaries, far too few for the work that is before us. When we stop to think that only a few of the fifteen millions of Lamanites living within the republic of Mexico have heard the gospel, and that we have before us all of the republics of Central and South America, with their millions of people, all Lamanitish blood, as fields that have never been touched, we can of a truth say: "The harvest is indeed great but the laborers are few." What we want and what the work needs is more help to carry on the great work of redemption among this branch of the covenant people of the Lord.

Can anyone wish to see a more literal fulfilment of all that

the Lord has promised should come upon this people, as a result of their wickedness? And can anyone, with a love of the gospel, and a love of their fellow men in their hearts, wish other than to see a speedy fulfilment of the great promises of redemption made unto them?

Reduced, as they have been, to one-tenth of their former numbers, and trodden down till they are "a hiss and a by-word, and are counted as nought by the Gentiles," they are in precisely the condition that Nephi saw that they should be in, when the gospel should find them. And the power to raise them from their present condition, the gospel of Jesus Christ, is in our hands, to be not only willing but anxious, to carry the gospel of peace and love and of redemption and salvation to those who are sick and in spiritual darkness.

Remember the words of the Savior wherein he said: "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," and also, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Think it no hardship, if you are called by the Master, to go to the ends of the earth to save if it were but one soul, but rather esteem it a great privilege and blessing, for great shall be your reward and your joy with that one soul in your Father's Kingdom.

MEXICO, D. F., MEXICO

[THE END]



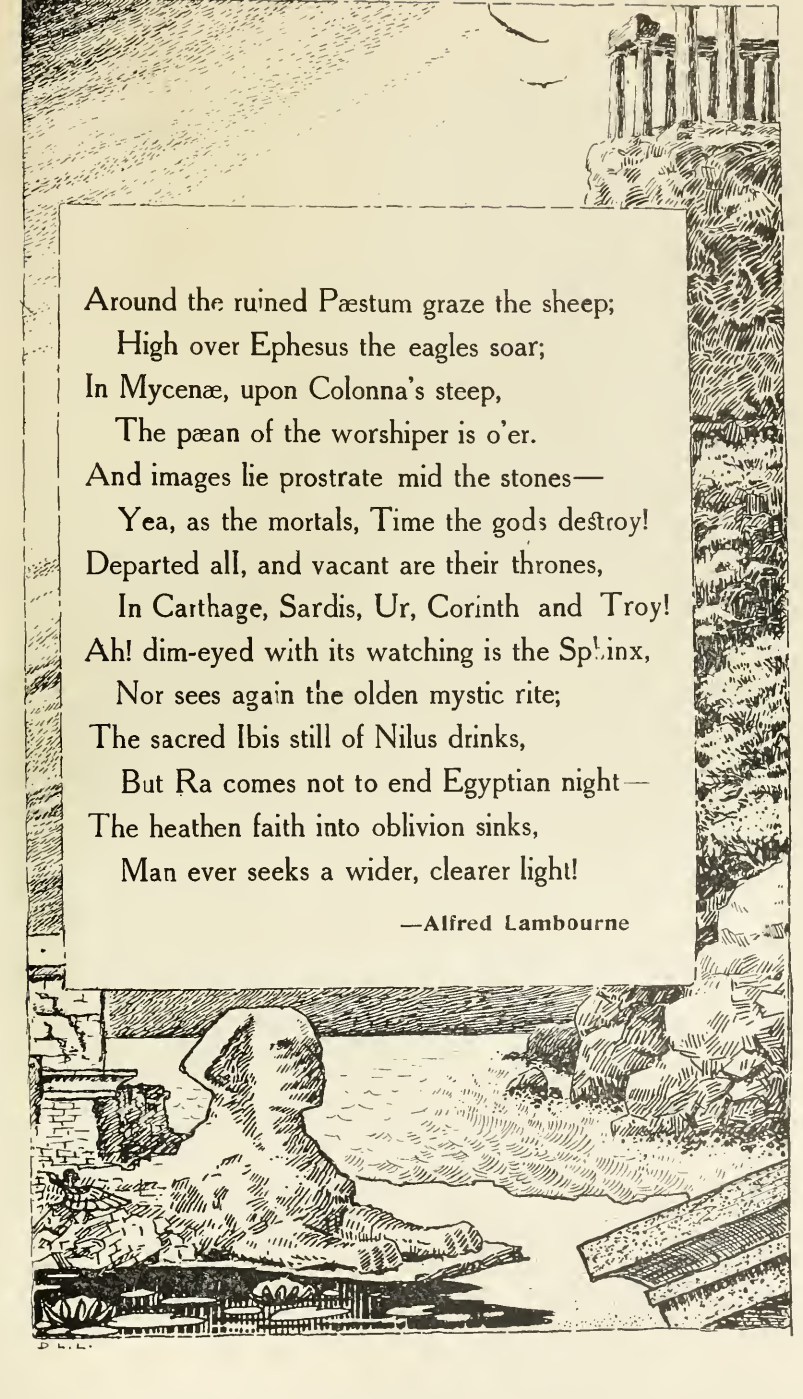
ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DEE, SCOTLAND.



THE DEAD GODS

Departed long are all the ancient gods,
The elements know not their vanquished race,
Their altars broken under dust and clods,
In Persia, Egypt, Attica and Thrace!
The sacred incense to them no more burns,
In vestal temple, or from hero's pyre,
Not in their name a votary returns,
To Athens, Rome, Thebes, Babylon or Tyre!
Lo, by Assyria's scorned and buried fanes,
The birds of prey, the Arab bandits, wait;
Lo, shapeless mounds upon Chaldea's plains
Declare how mean the fallen one's estate!
In wasted Nineveh no god remains—
The squeaking bats pass through its open gate!





Around the ruined Pæstum graze the sheep;
High over Ephesus the eagles soar;
In Mycenæ, upon Colonna's steep,
The pæan of the worshiper is o'er.
And images lie prostrate mid the stones—
Yea, as the mortals, Time the gods destroy!
Departed all, and vacant are their thrones,
In Carthage, Sardis, Ur, Corinth and Troy!
Ah! dim-eyed with its watching is the Sphinx,
Nor sees again the olden mystic rite;
The sacred Ibis still of Nilus drinks,
But Ra comes not to end Egyptian night—
The heathen faith into oblivion sinks,
Man ever seeks a wider, clearer light!

—Alfred Lambourne

Little Problems of Married Life*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

Tyranny in a nation can transform the freest people that ever breathed into hopeless slaves, humbly submissive and spiritless, or scheming rebels with a smile on their lips but hate in their hearts as they dream their golden dreams of secret revolt and a bold break for liberty. There is a brand of bossism in married life, of petty tyranny in the home that duplicates in miniature this dilemma of results. It saps the ambition, courage and vitality of husbands and wives and transforms them into dull, crushed, colorless beings, or if they do not submit thus meekly it trains them persistently in smiling hypocrisy, trickery, deceit, lying and plotting to cheat the tyranny they do not dare openly to resent.

Have you ever met the husband, of the timid, suppressed type, who always answers his wife's call with "yes, my dear," "no, my dear," or "just in a moment, my dear." It is never the sweet "dear" that drops gently into a sentence like a caress. His "my dear" with its monotonous iteration of a phonograph record seems a continuous phrase of placating. It is not affection, it is just fear; it seems a pleading deprecatory gesture of the voice as if trying to dodge a rebuke or a lecture as one involuntarily wards off an attack with the upraised arm. You somehow feel that you should take him into a cozy-corner and soothe him, and tell him not to be afraid, that you will protect him.

When you are alone with him he may talk easily, cleverly and well; the stream of his conversation runs smooth and free like a mountain brook but it suddenly trickles into irrelevant common-places when his wife enters the room, the whole atmosphere seems changed, and you vaguely wonder who shut off the water supply. You do not like the surreptitious way he covers his lighted cigar with his hat; it seems too much like a child caught with its hand in the sugar bowl. He can never tell you definitely whether he can go out tomorrow night; he will let you know later and you feel that he has already begun to plan how he can secure his wife's countersign to pass. Even when he is doing what is absolutely right and harmless he becomes wondrously fertile in lying excuses, those conversational capsules to sweeten the breath of suspicion. His ill-concealed joy when his wife has gone out of town for a day or two is not a mere confession; it is a condensed biography.

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Sometimes it is the husband, the domineering assertion of authority, who plays the poor, petty role of domestic tyrant. He dictates, he demands, he threatens, he forbids, he issues his orders as ultimatums in a manner that would be unwarranted even were he a pirate captain haranguing his crew. He forgets that marriage means partnership not proprietorship, freedom of both in the best interests of both, not slavery of either. His assaults on her rights when he crosses the dead-line of intolerance and despotically demands obedience may not be received as submissively, as uncomplainingly and as finally, as he in his blind conceit believes.

He may secure an outward semblance of submission but actually contemptuous rebellion. Brought to bay, her bitter protest of opposition may make her dangerously ingenious in outwitting him. When in a moment of pique at some act of her family he dares to order her never to see them or write to them or hear from them, she feels the cruel injustice of this cutting of the ties of love and tenderness, she may resort to subterfuge, intrigue, evasion and systematic deception and defy him behind his back while she seems sweetly, serenely resigned in his presence. She may drift unknowingly into a course of action normally repugnant as she surrenders to a tide of conditions of constant despotic injustice. Tyranny needs a hundred watch-dogs—trustful love, none.

When she finds a quarantine ordered against some of her dearest and best friends coming to the house, her self-respect blushes at the plausible lies she writes or speaks to prevent their knowing the real reason. When she fears to tell him of some misdeed of one of the children because of the cruel punishment his anger may prescribe, he is slamming the door on her confidence and giving a bonus of new license to the little rebel in the nursery. When she gives false statistics as to the price of some simple article she has bought, just to avoid a "scene," he is giving her unwise post-graduate courses in duplicity which may later prove costly. He is worse than wrong—he is foolish.

He is paying a big price for his tyranny when the song dies away on her lips as she hears his key click in the lock in the evening and she draws a long breath of relief when he leaves home in the morning. Then she may remember with a sigh and a little dimming of the eyes the sweet early days of their married life when, not satisfied with the mere good-morning kiss, she used to stand on the porch and follow him with her eyes and semaphore love with her fluttering little wing of a handkerchief as he looked back in the sunshine at the bend of the road that soon shut him from her sight. And she had struggled so long and faithfully to hold back the ebbing tide of her love for him and love had gone and carried respect with it, and she, grown hard, and bitter and rebellious, had lost the best of life and so had he.

Sometimes a wife may unwisely seek to keep the love, loyalty and constancy of her husband by holding him with a tight rein, by restrictions and limitations that fretted and chafed, by petty exactions and tyrannies to keep him close by her side. Have you ever held a butterfly in the prison of your palm, with the slightly-parted, arched fingers as bars, and, fearing it might escape, press inadvertently a little too tightly and then be suddenly conscious that the fluttering whirr had ceased and, opening find that the beautiful wings were stilled forever and that the butterfly was dead?

There are men and women who thus kill love carelessly; they may have a great love secure right in their hands, but there is a pressure of doubt, tyranny, distrust or compulsion and the life of that love may die. Love grows stronger with freedom, confidence and trust. Love that needs constant watching is not worth watching, and no guarding through fear of its honor will ever keep it from straying. Its strength must be in itself and in the inspiration that comes from realization, recognition and response.

There are homes that are over-governed. They have as many laws, rules and regulations as an institution. They remind you of those closely printed charts for conduct tacked on the inner side of doors in hotel rooms. In these homes you move about gingerly for fear of stepping inadvertently on a "don't." No individual is big enough, nor wise enough, nor great enough to dare to live the life of another, not with him, but for him. If he were all these his reverence for the individual rights of others would make it possible for him to usurp their sacred privilege of freedom in living their own lives, fully, freely, frankly, at their best.

This domestic tyranny rules in thousands of homes. It means the wrong of two—the one who inflicts it and the one who bears it. We hear much of the grace of patience and the beauty of long-suffering. They are virtues when it means self-sacrifice for the right, vices when for the wrong. Tolerating injustice meekly without protest and a mighty effort to overthrow it when no good cause is served, no noble purpose promoted is not moral bravery, it is sheer cowardice. It is the fear of an unpleasant half hour that may save years of suffering. The one who bears meekly is doing injustice to herself or to himself and—to the other. It means weakening and wronging self and feeding the evil in another's nature by inaction.

The wife may say "he would flare up in an awful temper if I said a word." Let him flare, but let him understand that you will not be a party to it. These home bosses are always bullies and bullies are always cowards. They do not stand out long against a bold defiance that shows no fear. At the first manifestation of this variety of performance, let husband or wife state

positively that no encores will be permitted. At a quiet, dignified session, with no shade of anger but just a calm, cool ultimatum let the innocent one say he is willing to do the square thing in every relation, and to meet bravely whatever the tides of fate may bring and to suffer *for* the other, but never *from* the other.

Like most evils it is easy to meet in the beginning and it is then it should be met in the right spirit for the good of both. A single bold stand for the right is worth years of cowardly patience for the wrong.

The greatest trials and sorrows are those that do not come from outside the home, but are absolutely created within, that are manufactured for one by the temper or wrong of the other. They are absolutely preventable and there should be a kindly, helpful spirit on the part of both to remove any wrong that separates them rather than to intensify the reign of the wrong by weak and meekly bearing. It is not selfishness, not the reckless assertion of individuality, but the consecrated wisdom that seeks to cure what it cannot endure and to endure what it cannot cure.

Love and sweet conference smooths out so many of these problems. Let there be but one boss and that one—the two. Let them unite in loving comradeship and fine co-operation, each doing the best without thought of competition or conquest and then even the wish of one become the will of both, in union and unity, with no tyranny but that of love, love of right, love of peace, love of justice and love of each other.

[The closing chapter of this series, "Comradeship in Married Life," will appear in the next number of the ERA.]

Elders George C. Brinkerhoff and J. H. Parker send the ERA a copy of the Bridgeport "Sunday Post" containing a half page illustrated article and interview in which the mission of the elders to Bridgeport, Conn., is fairly set forth and explanation made of their labors and the purpose of their mission, as well as some of the doctrines of the Church. The elders state that the work is new in that place yet, but they have some friends who are investigating and they feel that their efforts are being rewarded. Elder Brinkerhoff adds: "Brother George B. Davis was here the past week with the illustrated lecture, 'The Rise and Growth of 'Mormonism.'" He held two lectures and they were enjoyed by all who saw them. They are a great help in making friends. One lady made this remark: 'You ought to be proud that you are "Mormons" if those pictures are true,' which she did not doubt. We feel that the gospel seeds being planted here will bear fruit some time."

The Educator

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY

*Written in honor of the N. E. A. session at Salt
Lake City, July, 1913*

Who is mightier than the teacher,
Than the master educator?
Mind-uplifting, soul-expanding,
Re-creator of the creature?
Mightiest when truth revealing,
Life unfolding and perfecting;
When all sacredness revering,
All sublimity unveiling.

Bringing from the deep potential,
By persistent, patient toiling,
Treasure that might else lie hidden,
Buried out of sight forever,
Lost to human weal—undreamed of
Even by its dull possessor,
But for thy benign exertion,
Thy unselfish, strong endeavor,
Education! Mighty miner!
Precious ore—life's crude material,
Crass and coarse, made fine and finer,
By thy marvel-working effort,
By thy wonder-wielding power,
Soul-evolving thought and labor,
By thy pains and sacrifices,
Rarely known, requited never.

Shall I paint the model teacher,
As the mind-eye now beholds him,
Looming like a stately mountain,
Capt with snow and crowned with sunlight,
Source of weal to smiling valleys,
Listening at his feet, receptive?

First of all, a true commander,
Master of himself, and teaching
Precept by his high example.

Bending not to pagan idols,
Seeking, past the gift, the Giver;
Past the creature, the Creator.
Troubled at no bigot's frowning,
To no despot's dictum yielding,
'Gainst all guile, all wrong, contending,
Damning sin, yet saving sinners.
Tyranny and error fighting,
"Liberty and Light" the legend
Blazoned on his lofty banner.

Playing to no gallery plaudit,
 Courting not wealth's recognition,
 Nor the rabble's vain approval;
 Swerving not for praise or censure,
 From the line where duty leads him,
 From the path where judgment guides him
 To the goal where honor crowns him.

Scornful of all petty practice,
 Stabbing no man's reputation,
 Filching not another's credit,
 Envyng no life its laurels,
 Governed not by pride or passion,
 Coveting nor gold nor glory.

Tolerant of all opinion,
 Modest, temperate of expression,
 Given not to contradiction,
 E'en when sure that truth confirms him;
 Wielding an advantage mildly,
 Generous to a fallen foeman;
 Angered not by loss or losing,
 Nor in triumph's hour exulting.
 Willing—eager for correction,
 Welcoming from truth instruction,
 Humbled by his weight of knowledge,
 Ne'er too lofty to be learning.

Hungering for fact, not fiction;
 Unsufficed with classic nothings,
 Ancient myths or modern fables,
 Premature, half-fledged conclusions,
 Maybe-so's and peradventures.

Waging war on vain Assumption,
 Heir, misborn and misbegotten,
 Of thy folly, Education!
 Of thy dalliance with Error.

This the portrait of my fancy—
 This the ideal of my dreaming.

Name no teacher "educator,"
 Who perverts his noble calling,
 Youthful minds and hearts misleading?
 Prostituting and profaning
 Reason's shrine with ribald worship,
 Offerings of alien fire,
 Incense unto atheism.
 Israel, Israel's God forsaking,
 Bowing down to Baal and Dagon.

Spurning Truth, time's navigator,
 Captain of the craft Experience,
 With his trusty lamp of guidance,
 Lit for valorous exploration

Through the zones of doubt and darkness;
 Past the frozen seas, outsailing
 Icebergs of old dead tradition;
 Past the cheerful camps of science,
 On the coast of demonstration;
 On through shoal and lake and river,
 On to Wisdom's open ocean.

Fares not so false Self Assurance—
 Pirate craft, the pennant flaunting
 Of the brave ship "Self Reliance;"
 Reckless bark on danger's billow,
 Heeding not the warning breakers,
 Thundering 'gainst the reef of ruin;
 Steering not by star and compass,
 But by comet blaze—false beacon,
 Beckoning on to fell destruction.

What of those, as teachers posing,
 Who most need instruction's training,
 Switch of satire's keen correction?
 Sneering cynics, supercilious,
 Swollen peacocks in full feather,
 Airing their superior (?) knowledge—
 Showing thus a lack of learning,
 Poverty, where wealth is wisdom,
 Wanting which, all else is wanting;
 Can we deem them educators?

Oracles of commonplaces,
 Stale old platitudes repeating;
 Parrots of the musty proverb,
 Truths self-evident proclaiming;
 Education's praises sounding
 In pedantic threadbare diction,
 Superannuated phrasing,
 Ancient Wisdom's cast-off clothing.

Owl-like e'en in worldly knowledge,
 Bat-like to divine revealings,
 Shunning light and seeking shadow,
 Lost in maze of aimless aimings,
 Lost in endless flutterings, flounderings.

Parasites of education,
 Blight upon a great profession,
 Loftiest of man's vocations.

Whose throne higher than the teacher's
 Chair of chaste and wise instruction?
 Shames what king the pure preceptor,
 Christ's most Christlike emulator?
 He who aims to lift his fellow,
 He who strives to make the creature
 Grateful to the good Creator,

Equal unto earth's requiring,
 And eternity's demanding—
 Master of both situations.
 Education's aviator,
 Cleaving skies of last attainment;
 Victory o'er self securing
 All of life and perfect living.

This thy mission, Alma Mater!
 Blest vocation, Christ's own calling.
 Near to thee, divine Creator!
 Next to thee, O God the Giver!
 He who makes thy boon seem greater,
 Thy benefic meaning plainer.
 Great thy mission, Education!
 Complement of thine, Creation!
 Ending of thy vast beginning,
 Laying hold at thy leave taking;
 Ocean's arms the craft receiving,
 When the land hath done its launching.

Education and Creation,
 Are they not as one, scanned wisely?
 Are they not the same, seen clearly?
 He who spake as no man speaketh,
 Master, Teacher, of all teachers,
 One with Thee, Almighty Maker!
 Thou with Him, great Educator!

Gaze upon the Universal!
 See Intelligence—God's glory—
 Mind and matter—self-existent
 Soul materials—molding, forming;
 All outleading, all uplifting,
 Organizing and directing,
 Guiding Energy Eternal!

Sire and Sovereign Everlasting,
 Bent to share his shining sceptre,
 Empire of the worlds unworldly;
 Allwise Parent and Preceptor,
 Sending forth His spirit children,
 Taught in early spheres aforetime,
 Donning nature's garb and gowning
 For the treasures of earth knowledge,
 And the touch of mortal training;
 Thence to rise by graduation,
 From the Classroom Intermedial,
 To the College of the Spirit,
 And the Temple of All Wisdom!

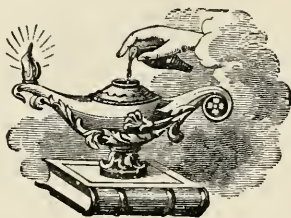
Worthy Aspiration, seeking
 Heavenly light through human darkness,
 Gain of power by world experience,
 Wisdom's apple, sweet and bitter;

Winnowed grain, the wind-blown refuse
Lost in Lucifer's down-whirling;
Loyal spirits, Michael's legion,
Changed to souls by Eden's action,
Down to lowly deeps descending,
Yet to soar, all heights attaining;
Downward—forward—onward—falling,
Prelude to progression's marching,
Prologue of redemption's drama.
Pledge released from fatal pawning,
Ransomed by the Christ of Calvary,
Shepherd of the sheep Him following
From the glooms of sin and sorrow,
To the Light and Life Eternal!

Earth, redeemed from dole and darkness,
Every thorn and briar blossoming,
Glorified, a Heaven becoming,
Home of man, and goal of gladness
Unto myriads coming after;
Gods, once men, their valor greeting,
Their continued victory crowning!

Man, God's symbol and foreshadowing,
Image, likeness, male and female,
Heir unto the Power Creative,
To His perfect stature climbing;
Dowered with divine outreaching,
Halting not from holiest, loftiest,
Aspiration and achievement!

What is this? Hold up the mirror!
Is it not thyself, Creation?
Is it not ALL—Education?



Editors' Table

A Distinguished Educator's Impressions of Utah

Among the noted educators at the meetings of the late National Education Association was Thomas N. Bicknell who, in 1884, was the president of the association and is today one of the leaders of the organization. His residence is in Providence, R. I. For many years he has been a publicist, manufacturer, leader in many societies of the highest aims, a representative in the Rhode Island legislature, and always in the forefront of organizations seeking to advance the cause of education. He is a man whose scholarship is attested by many conspicuous services which he has rendered in the field of education. Dr. Bicknell, though ripe in age, having been born in 1834, is by every test that may be applied, in the prime of a useful life. Being asked on his recent visit in Salt Lake City for an expression of his impressions of Utah, Salt Lake City, and the people of the state, Dr. Bicknell furnished the following statement to the press:

As a visitor and guest at Salt Lake City from New England, I am asked to state my impressions as to the distinctive polity of this city, and state, founded by the pioneers of the "Mormon" faith and ideals. I do this most cordially, for I am not a stranger to what has been transpiring in this mountain commonwealth, having studied its peculiar and remarkable development for a period of more than forty years.

Four great purposes have been regnant in Utah and its capital—Salt Lake City—since its occupation by the pioneers, July 24, 1847. The first has been a positive, personal, operative religious faith. The working creed of a people is the measure of its devotion to high ideals, and the creed is measured by its fruits, as is a tree. The pioneers of Utah were most of them of New England birth. Nearly all came out of the rural life of the New England of a century ago. The six New England states with rural New York nursed the childhood of the founders of the "Mormon" faith. Puritan and Pilgrim and children from "Mayflower" stock made the first emigration across the plains to Salt Lake valley. The ruling motive was religion, in creed and form not far removed from the Hebrew faith. Its bold declarations of great principles of faith and practice drew to their embrace men and women of strong intellects and warm hearts. The new expression of old tenets won persecution and distress for the possessors of a new faith, and only brave souls could stand the stress of the new cult. Utah and several of her sister states were founded by the people of eastern birth, of brave purpose and undying resolve.

What is the issue?

A society of tens and hundreds of thousands of souls of the strongest moral fiber.

It can be stated without fear of contradiction that the Wasatch

range holds in its embrace a population whose standards of moral, ethical and religious culture are not equalled on the American continent, or any other continent. Social and sex purity are normal and unquestioned. The red light district cannot be found in "Mormon" Utah, and the purity and sweetness of family life are beyond compare. In no section of America are babyhood, childhood and youth so highly revered and honored, and in none are the filial instincts so consciously manifest. The Sabbath is honored in Utah far in excess of Puritan New England as a day of rest and worship, and in no part of America is Bible and Sunday school instruction so universally recognized. The cities of America may learn from Utah how to observe a Christian Sabbath, where the Lord Christ rules the hearts and lives of the people.

With religious convictions deep and controlling, the education of the people has been a radical element of "Mormon" faith. A schoolhouse was planted by the first house in Salt Lake City, and today education is fostered in supreme fashion from the kindergarten through the University. Cities and towns in Utah vie with each other in the thorough education of all children, and of the state revenues, over 87 per cent. are devoted to public education. In schoolhouse architecture and school equipment, school attendance and advancement, Utah leads.

The "Mormon" polity, on the side of social order, is recognized as the most thoroughly organized system in the world. Every intelligent man should study it for its recognition of the solution of economic, health and social problems. Its details of supervision are exact, thorough-going and efficient.

Beyond and above all in perfection of system and in the realization of grand results, are the industry, frugality and temperance of the people. The beehive properly symbolizes the spirit and practice of the "Mormons." Go where you will, you will find no poverty, while wealth abounds in practical abundance. Homes are full of comforts and luxuries; art, music and literature are the endowments of all. The wealth of the land has attracted the "Mormons" more than any other of the mines, and both are making wealth common and fairly distributed.

Utah is a rich land of great possibilities. Its richest possession is its "Mormon" population of honest, pure-minded, sweet-hearted men, women and children, who have drawn on nature's forces for her grateful services and returns. They have, out of the lion's mouth, plucked the honeycomb of sweet content and honest life, and were the Master to walk the streets of Salt Lake City today, would he not say to all critics and detractors of "Mormonism," "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone?"

The Lesson of the N. E. A. Convention

By reason of the recent convention of the National Education Association several thousand educators from various parts of the United States partook of the hospitality of Utah. They left with us their best thoughts on educational topics, and went back to their fields of work with first-hand impressions of our state,

its people and their religious and educational systems. The keynote of the convention work was the recognition of the importance of individual rather than collective education. It set forth the need of training for each child according to his aptitude and opportunities rather than a common training for all. As we understand it, the educators advocated the idea that the training of the ninety-nine children out of each hundred who never enter college must no longer be confined to a preparation for college work—must be an individual and practical training according to the needs and opportunities of each child and the life he is to live. In no other way can our educational system fulfil its function of being of greatest service to the community. These are the thoughts which the convention left with our educators.

The impressions which the visitors took back with them of our state and people cannot help but do much good. Despite the warnings of enemies of this state, it is gratifying to know that the leaders at least have made a study of conditions in Utah, and in every case have had nothing but good to say of the moral and social conditions of the people of the state, and nothing but high praise for her educational institutions and leaders. And to those leaders of education, it may be said in passing, belongs largely the credit not only for the perfection of our school system but for the favorable impression which the visitors have been enabled to receive of it.

The greatest value of the convention to Utah, however, it appears to us, lies not so much in the ideas which were given to our educators by their co-workers, nor in the impressions of Utah which the visitors carried away, but rather in the internal awakening which the gathering stimulated. It is doubtful if we realized fully the magnitude of our educational system—the time, the means, energy and enthusiasm which our educational workers and citizens are expending. Never before have we had so thoroughly called to our attention the value and high standard of our public and Church schools as well as the educational value of the auxiliary organizations of the Church. Once again we have been forcibly reminded how thoroughly the education of our children is interwoven in our religious belief. The convention has opened our eyes to see more clearly the perfection of our Church organization as a means of social betterment and moral reform. Our forefathers builded stronger than they knew. They left to us, the younger generation, a heritage of which we may well be proud. The lesson of their labors has been vividly refreshed in our minds by our efforts in preparing to receive our distinguished visitors and by their sojourn among us. If in the future we would have as splendid a showing for our state and people as now, and as in the past, we must cherish the heritage they have given us and

build on it, not for the present alone, but even as they did, with great, strong stones for the future.

Some of the impressions of the leading visitors are here reproduced taken from the daily papers. They are worthy the careful consideration of our citizens, and should be made the means of information for all investigators abroad:

E. T. Fairchild, retiring president of the National Education association and resident of the New Hampshire college, Durham, N. H., said:

"While the enrollment has not been so large as expected, the personnel of the convention was of the highest character. Those who were here, were here because of their interest in education. The leaders were here and the rank and file were here and all join in pronouncing it the most enjoyable and profitable meeting. In all the meetings that I have attended, and I have been a life member for more than 27 years, I have never heard so many expressions of appreciation of the good things offered and of the splendid hospitality provided by the city and state. Indeed the personal attention given to all of the visitors is beyond praise. Not satisfied with affording the usual facilities, committees and individuals have constantly inquired, 'What more can we do for your comfort and convenience?' It is a demonstration of genuine hospitality such as one seldom sees.

"Salt Lake City and Utah have made for themselves a host of friends, each of whom in returning home will sing the praises of this most hospitable people and will tell the story of the wonderful institutions of this mountain state. Such results as have been accomplished are due to the splendid generalship of the various local committees who have had in charge the details of this great meeting. One cannot fail to recognize the splendid service of Governor Spry, the thoughtful and constructive help of State Superintendent Nelson and the magnificent and untiring labors of Superintendent Christensen. These men, together with a host of other workers, deserve the most cordial thanks of the entire association.

"Perhaps no feature of the convention has afforded such genuine pleasure to the teachers as the splendid music so generously provided. The whole country is aware of the superior musical talent of Salt Lake City and other cities of this state, but certainly none of us were prepared for the really wonderful music that we heard. Such execution and such team work I have never witnessed before. * * * *

"Finally, I feel bound to say that I have never known any other session in which the spirit among the members was so fine. There was a democracy and feeling of good will and happy attitude toward every phase of the meeting that made it really unique. But, how could it be otherwise in this great state, where hospitality reigns supreme, and where every man is every other man's brother? The meeting at Salt Lake City will go down in history as in every way worthy of the great National Education Association."

The Rev. Edward E. Eaton, D. D., LL. D., president of Beloit college, Wisconsin, in an address to the School Board of Salt Lake City, said:

"I want to express my admiration for what you are doing here. I know of no other city so enterprising in modern lines of education as yours. Your wonderful growth has placed a great responsibility upon your board of education; but you are more than proving yourselves equal to the task, as I have seen in my inspections of the school

system and school equipment. You are constructing a magnificent high school, and all your schools are of the highest grade, well equipped for the great work carried on within them. I desire to say that I have never seen the equal of the Hawthorne school, which I had the pleasure of visiting today. It is a marvel of arrangement and equipment."

In the *Deseret News*, Prof. Thomas J. Jones of the United States bureau of education at Washington, and a delegate to the N. E. A. convention, says:

"I noticed this small attendance, and talked the matter over with a number of delegates, particularly those from the far east; and we agreed that it was due to the fact that the Panama exposition at San Francisco is less than two years distant. This would make two trips across the continent in that time for many who would have liked to attend the Salt Lake meeting, with the great expense attending such trips. Then the weather has been very hot back east, and times are rather tight financially; so altogether very many people concluded they would wait until 1915 to visit Salt Lake, on their way to San Francisco."

"Do you think the light attendance here was at all due to unfavorable stories and reports that have been circulated in the east, against the 'Mormon' people?" was asked.

Prof. Jones replied: "I have not heard any such reports; and I do not believe that such, if there were any, had the slightest effect on the attendance. Our people would not allow themselves to be influenced by rumors and stories to such an extent as all that."

Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo, Mich.—"I have been delighted with the sessions of the association I have attended and especially with the prominence which has been given in the program to child hygiene and to vocational training. The unique and beautiful decorations are an expression of the spirit of hospitality which has been extended in unbounded measure by the people of Utah. The city itself seems to me remarkably clean and a very good example of municipal housekeeping."

Superintendent Milton C. Potter, St. Paul, Minn.—"The close of the series of meetings has called for no let-up in the hospitality of the people. The heads of the Church schools, state and municipal schools have all contributed in unusually generous share of thought, time and money. Rarely, if ever, have I seen the hospitality side of the N. E. A. so amply cared for."

Dr. Joseph Swain, of Pennsylvania, new president of the N. E. A. and successor to Dr. Fairchild, said:

"The teachers of the N. E. A. have been royally entertained by the people of Salt Lake. The press has given much space to the various meetings and has been singularly free from sensationalism. It speaks well for the whole state that such a man has been chosen as its representative as Supt. A. C. Nelson."

Robert J. Aley, of Orono, Me., secretary of the board of trustees of the N. E. A. and president-elect of the National Education Council: "I am pleased beyond my power to express it. President E. T. Fairchild has proven himself a most efficient officer. He has planned the program of this organization with rare foresight and has carried out his plans with wonderful skill. The people of Salt Lake and Utah have shown a most generous spirit. No host city of the N. E. A. has ever extended such genuine hospitality and courtesies."

Miss Margaret Haley, business representative of the Chicago Teachers' association—"The one thing that has impressed me, outside

of the charming hospitality of the people, is the entire lack of understanding which people outside of Utah have of this state. It seems to me no state in the Union has been so little understood. I have attended the N. E. A. meetings for more than 20 years, but I have never known a city to decorate as Salt Lake has to receive its visitors. We regret to leave this beauty spot of the west. I have visited the school buildings and it seems to me it is a children's paradise; we have nothing like them in the state of Illinois. The devotion to the cause of education which is apparent on every hand in Salt Lake and its surroundings deserves a deeper study than our brief visit will allow."

Messages from the Missions

Elder Charles I. Stoddard, Berlin, Prussia, March 31: "There are thousands who seek and investigate who have not yet found or heard the gospel truths. People are seeking religious equilibrium or a readjustment to more favorable circumstances. Out of their search has grown a dissatisfaction and unrest which are very apparent in this metropolis of Germany. Thinking people are losing faith in doctrines of men. Not many weeks ago 12,000 members left the old German church to seek freedom of worship and religious readjustment. A few days later 350 more left the same church and became 'Monisten'—supporters of theories of Darwin and Heckel. These instances indicate the religious unrest in Berlin. Besides, on the public sign boards are frequently seen the announcement of public addresses such as 'Where is the Truth?' 'Out of the Church Whither?' The question 'Religious Freedom for All' (the heading of a Berlin newspaper article) is the subject for debate at the present time in the parliamentary chambers. These conditions are sad for missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, because on account of banishments we are unable to satisfy the hungry multitude and to tell them 'where the truth is.' Are not the words of the Prophet Amos (8:11-12) finding fulfilment in this land? 'Behold, the day is come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord and they shall wander from sea to sea and from north even to the east, and shall not find it.'

"We are meeting with good success in the neighboring cities of Berlin; and, notwithstanding frequent banishments, the Berlin conference is developing in every respect. Last Sunday we had 107 friends in our meetings in Berlin which number is not exceptional.

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